

JEM SMITH ACCEPTS CONLEY'S CHALLENGE

**THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE**

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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OUTRAGED HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.

WALTER JAMESON, OF ASHBYBURG, KY., USES BRUTE FORCE TO EFFECT A BASE PURPOSE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1888.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" IN ENGLAND.

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RICHARD K. FOX.

TALK AWAY, GENTS, BUT YOU CAN'T WIPE OUT THE FACTS.

Not long since our sporting editor took occasion to severely criticize Pat Killen, the Duluth Slasher, for his action in refusing to make a match with Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, whom Killen has repeatedly challenged, but evidently is afraid to meet in the fistic arena. Killen naturally demurred at the POLICE GAZETTE's censure of him, and last week we published a lengthy communication, giving a great many reasons calculated to justify his conduct and to show that the GAZETTE was not warranted in "going for him" as it did in connection with his proposed match with Conley, which has hung fire so long that it now may be considered to have fizzled out entirely. The communication we allude to, though not from Killen himself, emanated from C. W. Rider, a warm champion of his, who obviously acted as Killen's mouthpiece, which, of course, amounts to the same thing as if Killen had sent the communication himself. Mr. Rider defends the action of the Duluth Slasher in the most vigorous English, laying all the blame for the failure to consummate the match with Conley on that nervy champion of the prize ring, as if the latter is not eager and extremely anxious to get a chance at the Duluth Slasher in the fistic arena.

Mr. Rider reviews Conley's record at considerable length, and belittles it in unmeasured terms in a vain attempt to prove that Conley is not a great fighter, but that his champion has an undisputed right to that title.

We do not wish to dispute the windy assertions of our correspondent. Conley's record, which we deem of sufficient interest to publish somewhat fully in our sporting columns this week, speaks for itself. Mr. Rider's attempt to belittle it only makes him ridiculous, for talk is cheap, and any amount of it don't alter facts.

That Conley is a great pugilist, and is recognized as such by the most distinguished champions of the prize ring, is emphatically shown in his readiness to effect a match with Jim Smith, England's champion, and the latter's willingness to accept him as an antagonist whose defeat would reflect honor on the pugilist who should bring it about. We have no doubt that Smith's estimation of Conley will not be weakened by any act which may be construed as an effort on the latter's part to avoid a match with the Englishman.

THE CRANKS ARE NOT ALL DEAD.

In spite of the untimely taking off of many individuals while undertaking to perform feats which no sane person would dream of attempting, people with flighty notions regarding their ability in this respect continue to bob up seemingly, as it were, with no apparent diminution in their thirst for notoriety.

The body of John W. Flack, who met a terrible death a few days ago in trying to navigate the whirlpool rapids at Niagara Falls, was scarcely under the sod before another candidate for an insane asylum came forward with a proposition to undertake a feat, which, although not exactly like that by which poor, deluded Flack lost his life, is equally if not more hazardous.

The last party, who is itching to throw away his life, is Arthur Stanley. He asserts that he has an improved parachute by which he proposes, unless prevented by the authorities, to drop from the brink of the falls into the seething waters below, and then float by means of a rubber suit down to a certain point along the Niagara river. Mr. Stanley will do all this for the fun of the thing, it seems. He must be a great lover of "fun," indeed, when, in attempting feats of an extra-hazardous nature as the one in question is without a doubt, he must realize that in so doing he is jumping into the very jaws of death, with a hundred chances to one against him coming out alive.

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MASKS AND FACES

"I've Three Offers!"—Summer Saunterings by the Seaside.

PAULINE HALL ON TIGHTS.

Langtry at the Races—Why Sam Looked into a Bath-House.

NELLIE McHENRY'S WIT.

"What are you going to do next season?"

"I've had three offers, but I haven't signed yet."

This bit of conversation between a newspaper man and a soubrette, which I caught on the avenue not long ago, is a fair specimen of the kind one hears every day during the midsummer season of dullness.

The emotional, the leading juvenile, the old woman, the walking gentlemen, the ingenue—all out of employment—tell you, with unabashed front, that offers have rained down upon them, but that they have not signed yet.

The lobby of Niblo's was full of girls, pretty and otherwise, one morning last week.

Bolosay Kiralty was engaging his seconds and chorus for "Mathias Sandorf," and there was a great lot of flirting, ogling, giggling, swearing, smirking and smiling.

One girl, I noticed, was very persistent in impressing on the manager that her leg was extra fine.

The name of this girl was Alice, and I had known her to run errands for a cheap laundry.

On this occasion she boldly exposed her limb, raising her skirts, and she leered when she saw she had made a match.

"I'll get there," she said to a companion as they went out. "I'll have a flat yet, old girl, and sport diamonds, you can bet!"

But town is slow this weather. Let's cast our eyes to the country.

Louise Dillon met with an enthusiastic reception when she appeared with "The Wife" in San Francisco last week.

She couldn't go on with her lines for a full minute.

Selina Dolaro is at Sayville, L. I., writing letters, rowing, swimming and thinking of new plays.

Jennie Yeomans and her mamma are at Richfield Springs.

Have you ever remarked in how many things mother and daughter are alike?

Both have a way of speaking in an undertone, making gestures expressive of shoo, fly, don't bother me, and cutting queer grimaces.

Vernona Jarreau, who, with Pauline Hall, Isabella Urquhart, Bertha Ricci and Lena Merville, contributed an essay on tights to last week's *World*, is summering at Lawrence, L. I.

She is a clever and brilliant woman, and she writes a stunning hand.

Pauline Hall wrote a useful and matter-of-fact essay on tights. Jarreau wrote a philosophical essay. Ricci was timid and shrinking, as though you caught her in undress. Merville was sober and thoughtful.

Here is what Hall thinks of tights, and here is how she feels when she puts them on:

"His Eminence the Cardinal, Duke de Richelieu!"

"These were the first words I ever spoke on any stage before any public."

"It was at the page who announced his lord that I spoke those words, and John McCullough was playing 'Richelieu.' It was in Cincinnati. I can't describe how I felt that night. It was not only my first appearance, it was my first appearance in tights. I was very much ashamed and very much afraid. In fact, I stuck. I couldn't go on with my words. And before I appeared on the stage I wandered around in the wings with a skirt over my tights. Of course the company guyed me to their hearts' content. From the day I appeared as that page in tights I have, as you may remember, appeared in that attire very often—I think as 'Hans Wagnen' and as 'Gabriel in 'Evangeline,' and as 'Venus in 'Orpheus and Eurydice.' I made a fair show. I don't see why some people are shocked at a fine leg. It's very necessary to have one in burlesque, all the same. And you want tights to show it off. I remember when I first went into the business I used to spend almost all my salary, \$12, on tights, shoes and wigs."



"The most expensive kind I have worn cost about \$20. You can't wear them longer than three weeks. They are made of fine, soft silk. I have often laundered my own flesh tights. They are colored with what we call 'pink saucer' in the profession, a kind of stuff you buy at the druggists."

"I put my tights away in a box. I do not hang them up, as they would get dusty. I have always two or three pairs at hand in case of an emergency."

"I used to have so many tights of so many colors that the girls used to call mine a rainbow collection."

"You have to be awfully careful when you put on your tights. They rip so easily. A finger nail can tear them. Tights are pulled up with a strap round the waist, turned over, and then fastened with safety pins."

"Padding, which is made of sheep's wool, is very common. Very few women have perfectly developed

shapes. I have known girls who pad even their insteps. They say that chorus girls go around sticking pins into the lower limbs of their comrades to see whether they are padded or not. I have not found this kind of foolery common, but I have known one girl to pinch another to see whether she was real or sham."

"I remember when I was a page in Mary Anderson's company I won a bet of \$10 on the fact that I didn't pad. One of the men in the company made a wager that I was padded. I bet that I wasn't. A girl in the company acted as referee and examiner. When he lost he paid his money like a little man, and I—what do you suppose I spent those \$10 in? Why, I bought another pair of tights, of course."

"Padding is most generally used for the calf and the inside of the upper leg. The wearing of tights never hurt me any, but I know it is injurious to weak and undeveloped women. The pulling, the tension, is very great. Try to pick up a handkerchief from the floor when you have tights on and you'll see. But I like them. They brace you and make you feel like a soldier. I don't mind showing my leg on the stage. On the first night of a performance, after not wearing tights for some time, I feel somewhat ashamed, but that wears off and I look upon the exposure as perfectly natural. As I said before, I don't see that exposing the lower limb is any more immoral than exposing any other part of the body."

"Most managers let their artists expose as much as the public taste allows. I don't believe in tights that expose the shape higher than the hip, however; I draw the line at the hip."

"How's that for style and frankness?"

Bravo, Pauline!

Lena Merville, I'm glad to see, has signed with John Wild.

She'll earn her salary, and more, every time.

Nanette Comstock, a pretty girl who used to play and try to sing in Hoyt's "Hole in the Ground," is going to be a member of "A Possible Case."

If Miss Comstock will promise not to whistle any more, we'll call it square.

Harry Chanfrau is going to do "Kit" in New England next season.

Billy Emerson and Dave Wambold both have a fondness for the pavements of New York.

Billy, when in town, likes to tell yarns around the Morton House.

Dave chews toothpicks in the neighborhood of the Continental.

"I am going to write a book on my life and the history of minstrelsy," said Wambold to a newspaper man not long ago. "It will include from the debut of George Cristy to the present day. I have travelled nearly all over the world and I know many amusing things of the shows. I think I can make it readable and add a new book to the theatrical literature."

If Dockstader, the professed minstrel, were to publish a book, he'd get into a row with his publishers and change them ten times before he was through.

Speaking of actors who have travelled, get out your geography, and follow Charles Erin Verner, if you can."

This Hale, hearty, bluff and boisterous interpreter of "Shamus O'Brien" says he has visited Australia, India, Bombay, Calcutta, Chelagony, Akayab, Rangoon, Moulmein, Pullepewang, Singapore, Hong Kong, Java.

If some of the natives of these countries didn't understand his lingo or his wit they understood his playing on the banjo.

He does that very cleverly.

Mrs. Langtry is down at Long Branch, looking remarkably well.

I saw her at the races last week.

She had on a big straw hat abundantly garnished with grasses, a dark crepe de Chine dress, and she had a parasol.

The parasol was of a whitish material dotted with little horseheads.

Langtry waved her handkerchief, and actually shouted, when the horses came along the last quarter.

Fred Gebhard, the chivalrous, was not far away.

Langtry is said to have \$800,000 worth of real estate in this year of grace.

Charles Ellis will try to amuse in "Caspar, the Yodler" and "Over the Garden Wall" next season.

Dan Mason and the St. Felix Sisters will assist him try.

We all try to do something or other.

Florence Bayard, an indifferent actress, I hear, but a striking woman, is trying to get an engagement.

Amy Lee is trying to look young and kittenish.

Blanche Marsden is going to try to break her father's last will.

Anton Seidl is going to try to keep up his concerts at Brighton Beach.

Ed Morris is going to continue to try to make people believe he is a comedian.

May Yohe, through managerial instrumentality, will try to get as many free ads as possible.

Herrmann and Kellar, the rival magicians, are going to perform a wonderful trick.

They are going to try to make up and be friends.

Carl Hauser, of Puck, is going to try to make "Mademoiselle Madeline," his comic opera beauty, a success with our audiences.

Hauser has given her the words and Englaender has given her the music.

Harry Paulton will try to be funny when the "Queen's Mate" again begins her antics at the Broadway.

His past efforts in that direction have been failures.

Tony Pastor will try to accommodate the extra fat patrons of his new playhouse with extra twenty-six inch wide easy seats.

Bob Ferguson, of Ferguson and Mack, will try to get back the \$300 diamond pin of which a couple of thieves relieved him the other night.

Haines and Videoc will try to do a good lot of singing and dancing and talking with Lester and Williams next season.

Ed. Sothern, who, by the way, is living in Herbert Kelcey's up town apartments, will try to make a high bid for favor in "Lord Chumley," soon to be produced at the Lyceum.

Fanny Rice, at the Casino, tries to be as clever and attractive as Marie Jansen, but she doesn't succeed by many a leg's length.

Ah, yes, we all try; but we don't get there sometimes all the same.

I hear the most diverse of fairy stories, all kinds of reports as to what our actresses do and don't do at the watering places.

Pretty-faced Floy Crowell is domiciled in her cottage at New Bedford, Mass.

Every day she takes a plunge in the briny.

By the way, what an awkward name Crowell is for an emotional actress.

Well, she is pretty, the bearer of the name, and, as I said before, she takes a daily plunge in the briny.

That's an extra recommendation.

Last week, while out rowing, Floy—that sounds better, doesn't it?—had for a companion C. P. Dudley, her comedian.

Now Dudley, although a fair comedian, is not much of a hand at managing a boat. He caught a series of crabs, fell backward and tumbled into the water.

He couldn't swim. He yelled for help.

Floy, of course, came to the rescue, and fished him out.

Actresses have been known ere this to get leading men and comedians out of trouble.

And now, I hear, the fair Floy has telegraphed Branch O'Brien, her agent, to send Dudley a cork suit of clothes, and the comedian will not handle the oars again except to carry them from the beach to the boat-house.

What sights a fellow sees around the bath houses at the various watering places!

Have you ever heard the yarn about John T. Raymond and his darkey attendant?

John T. Raymond, one fine morning on the beach, caught his confidential valet peering into the bath house of a lady with whom John was acquainted.

Stealthily the comedian came up behind the servant and slapped him on

BASEBALL GOSSIP.

The Boys Who Have Won Distinction on the Diamond Field.



M. F. Hughes.

The above is an excellent portrait of one of the Brooklyn club's new pitchers. Hughes was born in New York city in 1866. He is short and stout, stands 5 feet 6 inches high and weighs 165 pounds. Hughes made his professional debut with the Jersey City club, in 1885, as one of the club's pitchers. He alternated with Mike Tierman and Mattimore during that season. In 1886 he went to Waterbury, Conn. In 1887 he went to Newark; while the Newark club was playing in Toronto that season Hughes was hit in the head with a pitched ball by Ed. Crane, now of the New Yorks, and was laid up for several months. It was at first feared that the injury would result fatally, but Hughes recovered, and during the latter part of the season showed such a marked improvement in his pitching that the Brooklyn club purchased his release from Newark. Thus far, this season, he has shown up remarkably well, and if he keeps on improving will make one of the leading pitchers of the profession.

Ted Sullivan had kind of a hot time getting out of New Orleans after the people found he was stealing Widener to take home with him. The mob followed Ted all over the town in order to block him, and thought they had succeeded, but Ted was a trifle too sharp for them, and with the assistance of friends, succeeded in sneaking him out of town, to the great chagrin of the New Orleans people, who will about tax and feather him if they ever get hold of him again.

The Chicago people are away down in the mouth over the poor success of the "colts," but that is one of the things they will have to get used to if their club remains in the League.

It is claimed that Doescher has it in for long John Reilly for making some mean remarks about his umpiring to a party who afterwards told Doescher about it, and it is now claimed that the latter always decides Reilly out whenever opportunity affords, no matter how glaring the decision may be. It is further believed that this persecution is only to aggravate Reilly into making remarks to Doescher on the ball field so that the latter could soak him heavily with fines. Reilly, however, is too long-headed to be caught in a trap of this sort, while the Cincinnati papers have taken the matter up, and are lashing poor Doescher for all he is worth.

While the Brooklyn and Kansas City clubs were having their scrap over the double umpire ruling, in which a member of each club officiated, some one made some insulting remarks to Burdock, and "Burdie" not having anything else to do just then, jumped over the fence and began scrubbing up the bleaching boards with the fellow, until President Byrne came to the rescue and called Burdock off.

About 7,000 people gave the New Yorks a hearty welcome when they came home from the West and celebrated the occasion by shutting out the Bostons, 2 to 0.

Valentine has reconsidered his hasty determination to resign as one of the umpires of the League, since he has discovered that Anson is not the biggest man in the world, and the League will not sustain the "Baby" in his persecution of umpires.

Glasscock made a mistake in his man when he got in front of Pitcher George of the New York club. He thought George would be afraid to run into him, but he could not have picked out a harder nut in a day's journey. George went against him like a steam engine under full headway, and the old "accidental spiker" was turned a half dozen somersaults. Young players are not always the softest pudding.

The Boston people are heartbroken over the style in which their club is getting walloped.

Charley Daniels is a first-class umpire when he keeps straight, but he could not have been keeping very straight while umpiring the Boston-New York games on the Polo Ground, as his umpiring was about as rotten as has ever been seen in New York city.

Pitcher Kilroy has been suspended without pay by Manager Barnie until such time as he can pitch winning ball.—*Exchange*. Now, just how Manager Barnie

is going to find out that he is pitching winning ball without giving him a trial is something of a puzzler. It is like laying a dollar up on the shelf and letting it stay there until it accumulates wealth.

The Giants struck a snag when they ran up against Buffinton yesterday. By the way, the Phillies are playing the game of their "life" just now.—*Exchange*. Why, yes, so they are. They were only beaten by the New Yorks twice since the game referred to, and three straight by the Washingtons. If this is the "game of their life," the Philadelphia club are sorely in need of the undertaker.

Mr. Johnson, the POLICE GAZETTE hustler, visited the Polo Grounds July 23, when the New Yorks played the Boston in the presence of 6,000 people. He is a great baseball enthusiast, and, although his knowledge of the game is limited, he makes a big "bluff" and those not familiar with the game would imagine he ate balls and bats three times a day, besides drafting all the rules and regulations of the games. Once in a while, however, Johnson makes a bad break, which is very entertaining to those who understand the game. On this occasion Johnson occupied a seat in the centre of the grand stand, and had been chirping like a canary bird for the edification of the ladies, until he made one of his bad breaks, which ruined his reputation as a baseball authority. Nash had been given his base on balls and Wise followed with a very pretty base hit, sending Nash to second and going to first himself. Johnson was "dead on," and with his usual enthusiasm sprang to his feet, clapped his hands, and shouted: "Oh! what a magnificent double play!" The crowd roared, and Johnson stammered out something about somebody's hat being in his way, and crawled down through one of the cracks in the floor. His exit was something like that of a bedbug being chased with a slipper. It is claimed that he sneaked home through the sewer after the game.

The New Yorks have at last struck a great streak of luck, as well as a "mascot," and they are now beginning to think their "mascot" has much to do with their wonderful success, as they have not lost a game at which he has been present. This wonderful mascot is nothing more than a very fresh little tramp boy that they picked up in Chicago on their recent western trip. He stuck to the club like glue, and the boys could not chase him away with a bat. He was so persistent that the boys treated him kindly out of pure admiration for his pluck and stowed him away under the car seats on their way east, and fed him with scraps from the dining-room car. At Pittsburg they lost the youngster, and when they arrived in Philadelphia without him they were beaten 7 to 1. The "kid," however, is not one of the kind to get left, so he worked his way to Philadelphia by firing on one of the engines, and arrived in time to see the New Yorks beat the Philadelphias 7 to 6 in ten innings. He has been with them ever since, and they have been playing the greatest ball in the country. Buck Ewing has rigged him up a cot in the dressing room at the Polo Ground, where the little fellow sleeps at night, and he gets his micals only when Buck, or some of the boys, gives him the price.

There is one thing in which the Boston club have an advantage over all the other clubs in the League, and that is cleanliness. Wherever they get the least bit dirty, no matter whether it is at home or away from home, they simply take a coat of whitewash, and although the season is not more than half over, they have already been whitewashed nine times.

It is claimed that Manager Sharsig says that neither he nor his men will pay the fines imposed by Umpire Doescher on the Athletic players at Cincinnati. Possibly Mr. Sharsig is not aware that there is a way to collect those fines, and it is dollars to doughnuts that they are paid, as there are seven other clubs in the Association who have something to say in the matter, and there will be a seven-eighths pressure brought to bear that will squeeze it out of them.

Anson has been spending all spring in teaching his men scientific batting, but now, since Detroit and New York have gone ahead of them in the championship race, he had better spend a little time in teaching them how to compete with first-class clubs.

The Cincinnati and Cleveland clubs not having anything better to do on a recent Sunday in Cincinnati, and the day being too fine to be wasted in idleness, they put in their time by stealing bats from one another, and scrapping over it until they nearly succeeded in getting the entire crowd sufficiently worked up to enter into the general melee, which was only prevented from ripening into a riot by the strenuous efforts of Umpire Doescher.

It is an uphill job trying to make ends meet over in Newark where the people would rather see the game for nothing than pay a quarter.

It is a hard matter to tell whether it is cheaper to try and get along smoothly with your wife than it is to pay lawyer's bills to fight her. The little bag of wind, Wal-

THE GREATEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

SAVAGE, Md., July 10, 1888.
RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I wish to state that I have been for two years, and still am, a constant reader of your great sporting paper, the POLICE GAZETTE. It is the greatest paper in the world. I admire the gentleman whom you hold up as the world's champion. Mr. Jake Kilrain is the best man in the world to-day barring none. John L. the big one, has sunk.

Yours truly, S. B. SISK.

ter A. Latham, who covers third base for the St. Louis Browns, is now being sued for \$400 damages for pulling him through his domestic troubles; that is, two divorces and an attachment suit. The former cost him \$250, the latter \$150. Walter was successful in shaking the lawyer, but the latter isn't built that way, and he won't have it, and if Latham gets off without paying he will be the luckiest dog that ever escaped the pound.

The New York people are now very happy, as they feel they have a winning club.

Darby O'Brien is in hard luck. He had a very choice dog that he loaned to a person to keep for him until such a time as he could conveniently take it away and when he took it he was arrested for stealing the dog.

The Hamilton club, of the International Association, are pretty badly strapped and are begging around town now to try and raise money enough to keep their heads above water until fall. From the way the people are lending a helping hand, however, there are now fine prospects of them being kept alive until the end of the season.

Tim Keefe must have knocked the ball out of sight when he made a home run on Van Halten, as any ordinary man can walk around the bases as fast as Tim can run.

Big Chief Roseman, of the old Metropolitan tribe, donned his war paint recently in Rochester, and went out in quest of scalps. He succeeded in painting the town a crimson hue, and after a half dozen good, solid scraps he went home to bed, fairly well satisfied with his night's sport.

There are no flies on the Athletics of Philadelphia, and they are making the other clubs hustle so lively that the mosquitoes don't even get a chance to light on the players.

JUNE.

ELOPED WITH A MISSIONARY.

A great sensation has been caused at Halifax, N. S., by the supposed elopement of Gertie Smith, aged twenty-one, a Halifax society belle, daughter of Mr. Henry Smith, an Irish landlord, with the Rev. J. R. Hutchinson, a Baptist missionary recently returned from India. Hutchinson met Gertie at Wolfville a few weeks ago.

It was a clear case of love at first sight, and the village soon made their conduct a subject of common talk. Mr. Smith was informed of the state of affairs, and he brought her to Halifax. But she managed to keep up a correspondence with the missionary, and on Saturday morning she left the city.

She is believed to have met Hutchinson at Annapolis or Yarmouth, and to have gone to Boston by steamer. Mr. Smith, who threatens to kill the preacher when found, yesterday received the following unsigned dispatch from Boston: "We have arrived here all well." Hutchinson deserts a beautiful, accomplished wife and a child three years old.

HE DRINKS MOLASSES BY THE QUART.

Birmingham, Conn., which is noted for its odd characters, now brings to the front an old colored man, whose name is Jefferson, but who is mortally offended if it is not prefixed by "Dr." He demands that title because he is a herb doctor of some local reputation. Saturday night he went into a grocery store and bought a pint of molasses. As it was handed to him he put the jug to his lips and swallowed the whole pint as easily and with as much apparent pleasure as a thirsty man would drink so much milk. Seeing the look of surprise on the faces of the clerks, he remarked: "Huh! I kin drink a gallon o' that stuff!" A quart was given him, with the understanding that he must drink it there and then. He took one long breath and swallowed the lot in just 3 minutes, pausing only long enough to take one breath.

MURDERING A GOVERNMENT OFFICER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] United States Marshal Charles Marks was shot and instantly killed in the Indian Territory, about thirty-two miles south of Independence, Kan., Sunday evening, by D. E. Gilestrope, a half-breed, supposed to be one of the parties who murdered the Mayor of Geuda Springs, Kan., July 4. Marks had been following him for several days, and coming up with him in some timber on Big Cabin Creek, commanded him to surrender. Gilestrope answered the summons by three shots in quick succession from his revolver. Two of the shots took effect in the heart. Gilestrope fled, but a strong force is in pursuit of him.

A MAYOR ARRESTED.

Considerable excitement was felt in New Laredo, Mex., on Saturday morning when a squad of soldiers marched around to the residence of Mayor Jose Brosig, placed that gentleman under arrest, and put him in jail without bond, where he still remains. Surmises were many as to the charge upon which he was arrested, and it finally leaked out that the order of arrest was from the Federal Government, and was for plundering the city treasury, and that the city aldermen were also implicated and would be arrested tomorrow or Monday. Mr. Brosig has many friends in both cities who do not believe him guilty, and think he will clear himself of the charge.

BULLETS IN PLACE OF A WEDDING.

A shooting affair, which may prove to be a double murder, occurred three miles east of Dryden, N. Y., on Tuesday. Ben Dutton, a farm laborer went to the farm of John Lamont to call upon a young girl living there. He wanted the girl, whose name was Alice Rose, to go with him to be married, but she would not go without the consent of Lamont. Lamont was obdurate and Dutton, becoming enraged, drew a revolver, and shot both Lamont and Miss Rose. Dutton then fled to the woods. It is learned that Dutton said last week that he expected to have trouble with Lamont over the girl.

SHE WAS TOO FLIRTATIOUS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] Frank Johnson, a well-known Cincinnati, O., politician, was the butt of a good many jokes recently. It is said that Frank is a boss masher, and has been taking a fancy to the pretty young wife of S. B. Baumann, a Central avenue cigar dealer, all of which explains divers and sundry bruises which Frank is just now being chaffed about by his friends.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Levi D. Little.

Levi D. Little, chief of Police of Elmira, N. Y., commenced his official career as a deputy sheriff under Sheriff Cooper in 1873, and served until 1876, when he obtained the position as under sheriff to Gen. E. O. Beers, who succeeded Sheriff Cooper. He filled these two positions so creditably that he won the public confidence and esteem and was elected to succeed his chief in the office of sheriff in 1879. He served as sheriff until 1883. On the expiration of this term of office he was immediately appointed chief of police. Chief Little is thirty-eight years of age, Mason of thirty-two degrees, has taken all the degrees of I. O. O. F., and is a prominent Elk. His record, extending over a period of fifteen years, stands for itself, and shows a success deservedly won.

Mayor Ames.

Hon. A. A. Ames, the present Mayor of Minneapolis, one of the twin cities of Minnesota, was born in Boone county, Ill., Jan. 18, 1842, and graduated from the Rush Medical College, Chicago, February, 1862. During the war he served three years as assistant surgeon and afterward as surgeon with the Seventh Regiment Minn. Volunteers. He took up his residence in Minneapolis after the close of the war. In 1867, on the soldiers' ticket, he was elected to the Legislature from Hennepin county, and re-elected in '68. He was elected member of the City Council of Minneapolis in 1875, and the following year, 1876, elected Mayor for three years. In 1882 he was elected for another term, and succeeded himself in the Mayor's chair. His present term expires January 1, 1889.

Inspector Hankinson.

J. W. Hankinson, Chief Inspector of Police, Minneapolis, Minn., is a native of New York, and was born in Carlisle in 1858, and went to Minneapolis in 1867. He hunted and trapped among the Indians for several years until Aug. 7, 1868, when he enlisted with Hatch's Battalion Cavalry and served through the Indian troubles in the Northwest. Later he was commissioned First Lieutenant of the First Minnesota Heavy Artillery, with which regiment he remained until its final muster out of service. He entered on the police force as patrolman May 12, 1875, was appointed Assistant Detective in 1882, and on April 30, 1886, appointed Chief of Detectives by Mayor Ames. The following year, April 30, 1887, the Board of Police Commissioners elected him Chief Inspector of Detectives, in which capacity he is now serving. Chief Hankinson is a crack rifle shot and a member of the Minneapolis Rifle Club.

Hon. Timothy D. Sullivan.

Timothy D. Sullivan was born in this city July 23, 1853, of Irish parents. He was educated in the public schools, and on leaving school he engaged in newspaper work, which he continued until 1884, when he branched out as an undertaker under the firm name of Sullivan & Lane. In 1886 he received the "Counties" nomination for Assembly from the Second District, and beat his opponent, Moses Lebetaky (Republican), by a vote of 5,448 to 657. He was re-elected in 1887 by a majority of 4,000 over John A. Crowley. He introduced the popular labor measures, the Stand and Truck bills, which have become laws. He also introduced the Manhattan News bill. Tim is of too happy a turn of mind for a "funeral director," and that business has long since passed out of his hands. At present he runs several liquor stores. Strange to say, he has never used tobacco or liquor in any form. He is one of the brightest and most popular of our younger legislators.

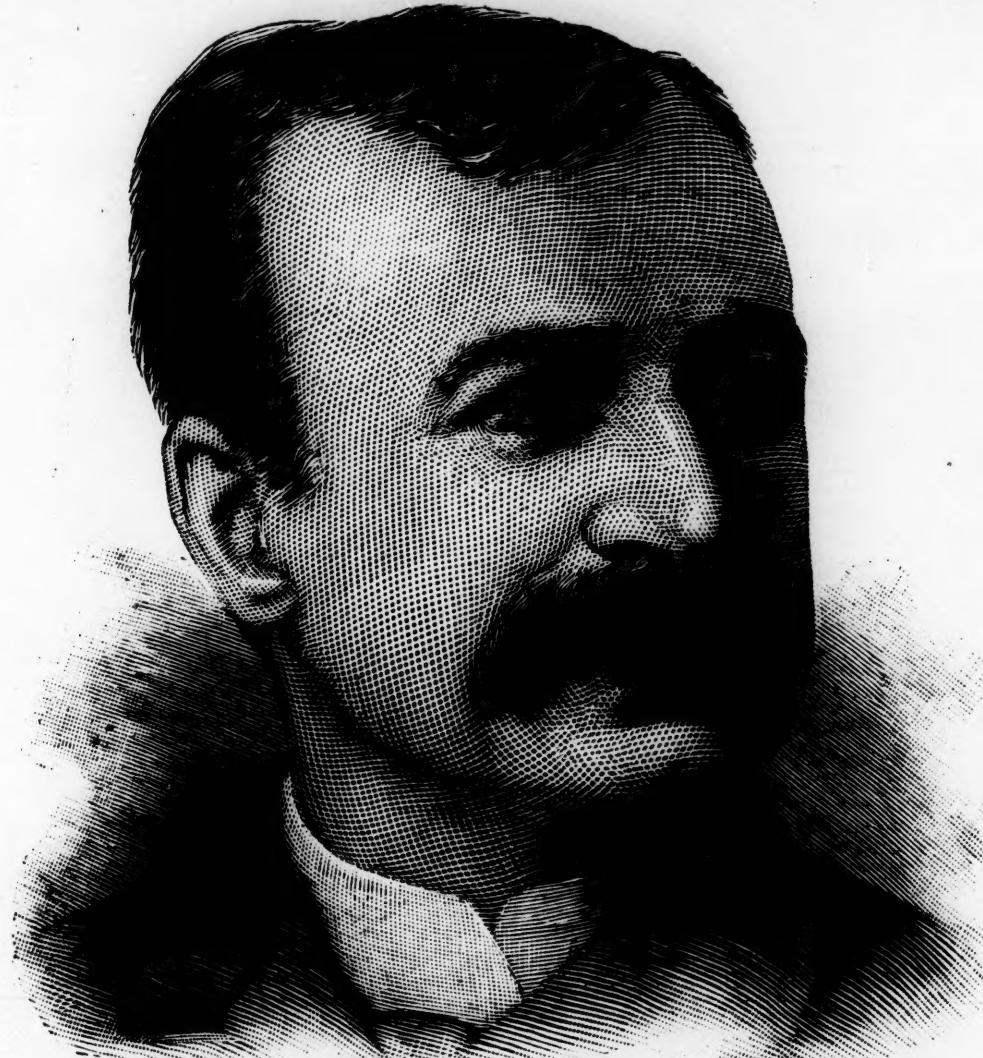
P. M. Del Valle.

The case of P. M. Del Valle, a broker and dealer in contractors' supplies at Colon, Panama, who a short time ago swindled a number of persons to the extent of \$100,000 by means of bogus drafts and then fled, has caused a big sensation on the Isthmus. It is supposed that the fugitive has gone to Paris. Del Valle was sent to the Isthmus about six years ago as the agent of the Franco-American Trading Company, and, carrying letters of introduction of the highest character, he was received cordially in Panama society. He is said to have been a Mexican by birth, but his education in Paris, together with his personal appearance and his introduction, made him a social success. Nothing was thought, it was said, of the change when he started in the same line of business independently of the company, and still later when he added the branch of an exchange business.

It was this credit, however, which gave him an opportunity, although his friends are unable to see why he should not have sold his drafts to a much larger amount than has been reported.

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MICHAEL B. LEAVITT.

AN ENTERPRISING AND POPULAR MANAGER, WHOSE MANY THEATRICAL VENTURES EMBRACE ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.



LELIA FARRELL,

A PRETTY AND GRACEFUL BURLESQUER AND DANCER WHO HAS WON PLAIDITS FROM MANY AUDIENCES.



SHE WAS TOO FLIRTATIOUS.

FRANK JOBSON, A WELL-KNOWN POLITICIAN AND MASHER OF CINCINNATI, OHIO, HAS AN ENCOUNTER WITH AN IRATE HUSBAND.



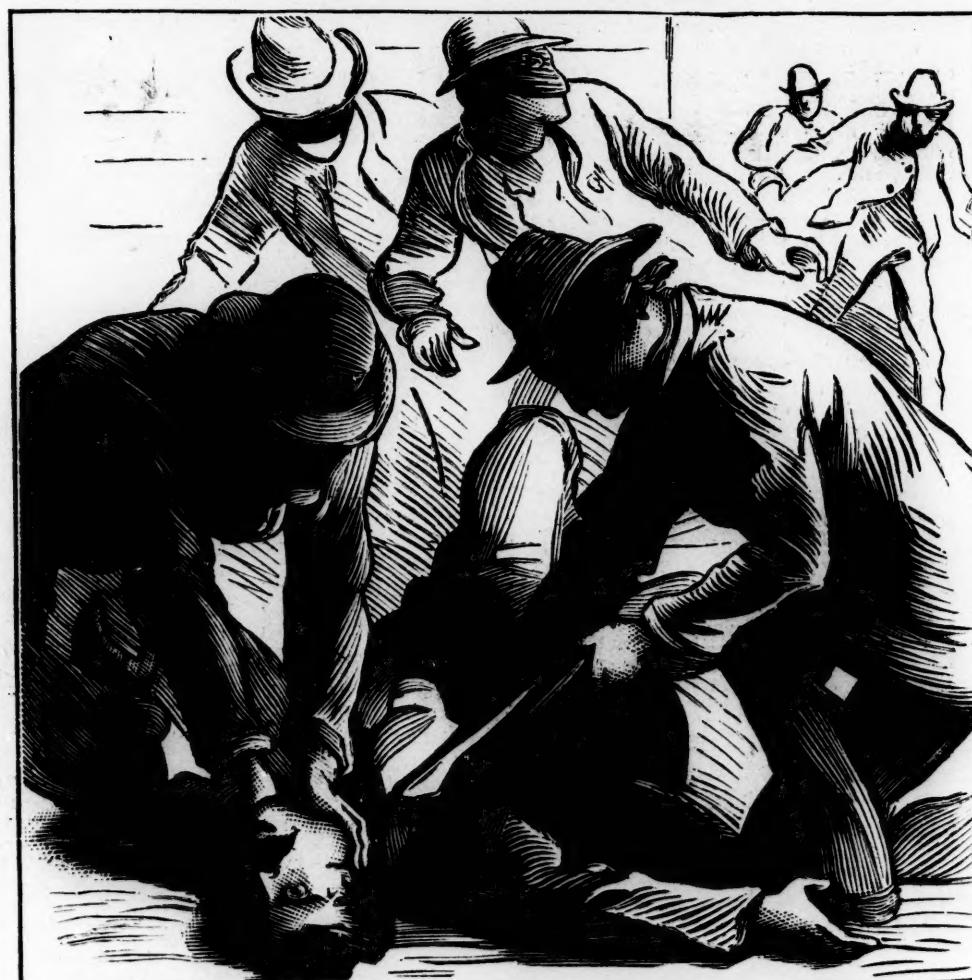
MURDERING A GOVERNMENT OFFICER.

A HALF-BREED INDIAN, PURSUED FOR MURDER, KILLS THE MARSHAL WHO TRIED TO CAPTURE HIM NEAR INDEPENDENCE, KAN.



HE SECURED THE BOOTY.

A BURGLAR COMPELS CASHIER PHILLIPS OF THE LA JUNTA, COLO., BANK TO DISGORGE THE CONTENTS OF HIS SAFE.



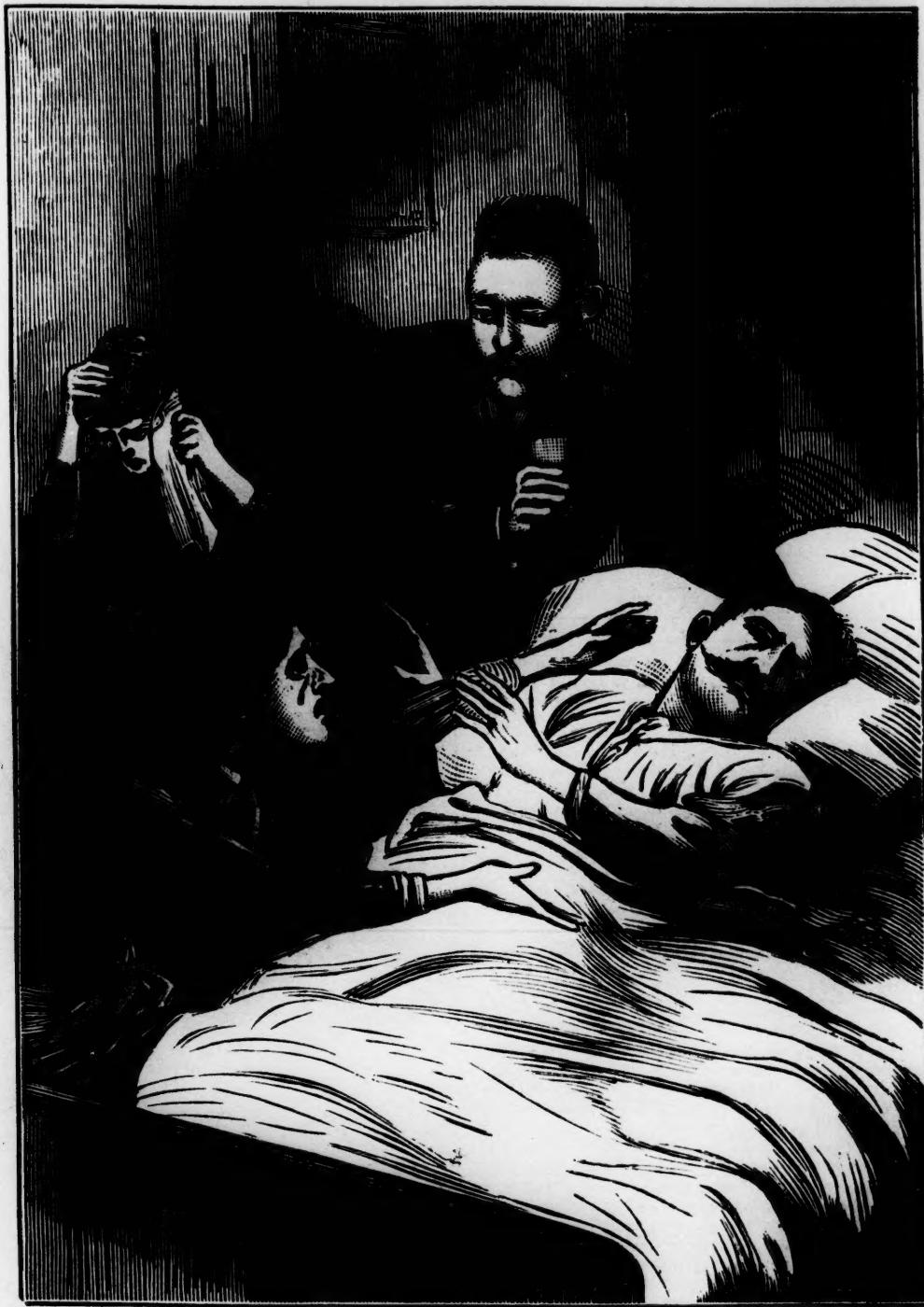
KNOCKED DOWN THE PAYMASTER.

ALDERMAN FRED GRIP, OF ISHPEMING, MICH., HAS A ROUGH EXPERIENCE WITH MASKED ROBBERS WHO WAYLAY HIM NEAR MARQUETTE.



IN THE REPTILE'S GRIP.

MRS. HOY HAS A THRILLING EXPERIENCE NEAR RUSHSYLVANIA, OHIO, WITH A
HUGE BLACK SNAKE WHICH GIVES HER A TIGHT SQUEEZE.



REPULSED HER ON HIS DEATH BED.

DYING JAMES HUTCHINS OF CHICAGO, ILL., CRUELLY REFUSES THE CARESSES OF
HIS WIFE WHOM HE HAD NOT SPOKEN TO IN TWENTY YEARS.



THE ANGRY FATHER APPEARED.

FRANK PAUPENEY, OF ST. LOUIS, MO., UNEXPECTEDLY TURNS UP AT THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY OF HIS Eloping
DAUGHTER AND THREATENS TO KNIFE THE GROOM.

RUINED HIS CLIENT.

Grave Charges Against Pat Crilly, a Prominent Allentown Lawyer.

CRILLY GETS FRIGHTENED.

He Parades Under an Alias and Takes Leg Bail.

A HEARTLESS BETRAYER.



HE body of pretty Andora Troxell, who was betrayed in life and deserted in death by Lawyer Alexander P. Crilly, the well known Lehigh county attorney, was taken to her native village of Ferndale, in a pretty valley three miles above Allentown, Pa., on Sunday afternoon. Dr. Frederick C. Perpente, formerly of No. 913 Race street, who is charged with having performed the operation which killed the young woman, and Lawyer Crilly, the cause of her ruin, have not yet been captured by the police.

Andora Troxell's death shocked Allentown yesterday, where both the young woman and Lawyer Crilly were widely known. The story of the young woman's death and the discovery of her murderers is a strange one. It was on Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock when Dr. Hutzell, of No. 509 Fairmount avenue, called at the Coroner's office in this city and said a young woman known as "Mrs. A. Lennon" had died on Tuesday night at No. 1743 North Twenty-second street.

Clerk John Donal at once recalled the previous reputation of the house, and told Dr. Hutzell, who wanted advice as to the issuing of a burial certificate, that the death of the woman must be investigated.

When Clerk Donal reached the house he found Mrs. Clements, who keeps a lying-in retreat, in the place. She said the young woman was brought to the house on Sunday, July 8, while she was at Ridgeway Park. The servant girl had taken the young woman in and put her in bed.

The stranger said she had been sent by Dr. Perpente. On Tuesday the young woman was in great agony, and Dr. Perpente was sent for. He came on that day, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, and then sent word that he was sick and could not attend her.

Mrs. Clements on Saturday summoned Dr. Hutzell, who brought Dr. Longacre, of Fifth and Green streets, with him. They found the woman in a comatose condition, and she had a high fever. Dr. Hutzell came to see the young woman until Tuesday night at 10 o'clock, when she died. When she was dying she spoke of her mother, but did not tell her name or where her mother lived.

There was not a name or mark to show the identity of the dead stranger, but Clerk Donal found in the woman's clothing a sample package of face powder marked "Charles C. Klump, Hamilton street, Allentown," a return ticket to Bethlehem and \$2.50 in change. When Clerk Donal learned that a man known as "A. Lennon" was expected to come to the house that night he hurried around to the Twenty-second street house.

An officer was secreted in the front room on the second floor. Shortly after midnight the door bell rang and Mrs. Clements found a man on the doorstep. It was "A. Lennon."

"I have a wagon around the corner," he said, "and I want that body." When Mrs. Clements told of its removal an hour before to the office of Undertaker Kirchner, on Third street, above Fairmount avenue, where the coroner's physician, Dr. Formad, was making a post-mortem examination, he was angry.

"Is this house watched?" he asked.

"No; come into the parlor," Mrs. Clements replied.

He had just softly stepped into the parlor when he caught Mrs. Clements about to make a signal, and saw a man in the dim light at the head of the staircase.

"There are men in this house," he shouted; "let me out."

Mrs. Clements clutched him as he rushed for the front door, but he hurled her to the floor and dashed out. It was Mrs. Clement's husband on the stairway. He gave an alarm, but Lieutenant Lyons' officer was asleep. When he was aroused and dashed down Twenty-second street the man had disappeared.

Three hours before he appeared at Mrs. Clements' house "Lennon" walked into the office of Dr. Hutzell. He was very mysterious, but was cool and self-possessed as he told how he proposed to bury the body of the young woman secretly at night in this city, and he offered the doctor \$50 to give him a death certificate. Lennon said he would never let the girl's folks at home know of her fate, but would stay away from Allentown for a few months and make it appear that Andora had eloped with him and then deserted him. When Dr. Hutzell indignantly refused the \$50 or to give a certificate, Lennon said:

"Well, I won't go back to Allentown. She has an elder brother, and I think he would kill me if he knew all."

Then Lennon slipped out of the office. Early on Thursday morning Clerk Donal saw Dr. Hutzell at his office, where he was shown a letter dated the 14th inst., and written on the letter head of the "Pacific House, South Bethlehem," and signed "A. Lennon," in which he inquired the condition of the sufferer, and made several suggestions to Dr. Hutzell.

zell. A telegram dated Allentown, July 17, the day the young woman died, and addressed to Dr. Hutzell, said:

"Were results favorable? Answer immediately."

"LENNON."

Dr. Hutzell then explained that after the young woman's death he sent a telegram to Lennon at Allentown, telling him of the end and asking him to come here at once. Dr. Hutzell told Clerk Donal that the man was short, stout, with a pug nose and sandy mustache, and about 30 years old.

After Clerk Donal had a photograph taken of the face

called upon, and they identified the Bethlehem letter signed "A. Lennon" as being written in the handwriting of Lawyer Crilly, and when an auditor's report made by Crilly was produced the handwriting was seen to be identical.

Then Officer Berger was sent for, and brought a photograph of a relative, which showed the young woman was Andora Troxell. Chief of Police Bieber at once sent his officers out to search for Crilly, while Donal and Matthews started in a carriage for Ferndale, where the girl lived. On the road they met Squire Newhardt, the uncle of the girl.

dred excursionists for Atlantic City. When the train approached the bridge at Triadelphia the engineer saw the middle pier was gone, but put on steam and ran over it. Just as the last car crossed the bridge it fell with a crash, and was swept away in a twinkling. A bridge just ahead of the train fell about the same time, and the train is holding down the only piece of track for a mile and will be there for two weeks to come. The passengers left the cars half an hour after the train stopped, with the water up to the platforms, and passed the night as best they could on the hillsides and in neighboring houses. To-day they were brought to the city in carriages. Cases of the escapes of individuals and families are numerous and thrilling.

HON. GEORGE HALL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

George Hall, ex-Alderman and the Tammany leader of the Eighth District, is a thorough New Yorker. He was born and raised in the old Tenth ward, and attended the public school until graduated, when he learned the paper ruling trade. He drifted into politics at an early age, being barely over his majority when he stood a candidate for the Assembly. Always being a warm-personal follower of John Kelly, he was one of the first district leaders to espouse the latter in reorganizing Tammany Hall after the expulsion of Tweed, Connolly and their ring. In 1876 he was nominated, with John W. Gantz, for alderman for the Sixth Senate district, and both were elected by a big majority. He was re-elected in 1877, '78 and '79. On retiring from the Board of Aldermen he purchased the lease of the hotel corner of Duane street and Park Row, which he named Hall's Hotel. He continued in business there until February last, when he sold out to go in business in his own ward, where he has, in partnership with John W. Beppenhausen, fitted up and recently opened one of the finest saloons on the east side, located at the corner of Broome and Chrystie streets.

MESMERIZED A BEAUTY.

Professor Kline, of Buffalo, N. Y., is a Pennsylvania boy, who has lived in New York and distinguished himself by mesmeric feats. Three weeks ago he was in Sault Ste. Marie, a little city in Michigan, with some other professional people. He was invited to attend a parlor entertainment, at which he was asked to exhibit his mesmeric powers. One of the subjects, Miss Mamie Leroy, could not be released, and some doctors who were summoned could not account for her condition.

The spell was finally broken, but the girl refused to leave Kline, and when he finally escaped she became insensible. Kline was sent for, and his presence gave her relief. Her father demanded that he break the spell or marry the girl. After trying every means of relief a justice was called in and tied the knot. Mamie is a handsome blond, but her husband is greatly grieved because he was engaged to marry a New York girl, whom he dearly loved. The curiously-matched couple were guests of Mr. Shaw this week.

DUG THEMSELVES OUT OF PRISON.

George Godas, under sentence to hang Aug. 10 at Helena, Mont., and two other prisoners named Davis and Wilson, broke jail on Thursday and are at large. They escaped by cutting a hole through an iron floor and digging away dirt underneath until they had tunneled into the jail yard, thence they easily made their escape into the streets. They were in jail when breakfast was served in the morning at 8 o'clock, and were gone at 6 o'clock. It is supposed they took advantage of the preaching that was going on in the jail between 12 and 1 o'clock, when the guard and prisoners were attending services. The work had evidently been done the night or day before. Sheriff Hathaway has telegraphed a description of the prisoners in every direction, and has sent out twenty mounted deputies to guard the country roads and mountain passes. In addition he offers a reward of \$300 for Godas and \$100 each for the other two. The Governor also offers a reward of \$500 for each.

RESCUED BY HIS MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

George W. Hazeltine, of Jamestown, N. Y., who has been an inmate of the Maryland Penitentiary for the last three years, was pardoned on Monday by Gov. Jackson. Hazeltine's crime was committed four years ago. He had been on a protracted spree with a young man named Van Witzen and two Toronto girls, Mamie Thorp and May White, with whom they had come from Canada. The debauch reached its climax when Hazeltine, angered at May White, attempted to shoot her, and instead killed Mamie Thorp. He was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced. Since that time Mrs. Hazeltine has made frequent visits here to secure the pardon of her son. Ten of the jury which convicted him and the State Attorney and Judge yielded to her prayers to sign a petition for clemency. The application was opposed only by the father of the dead girl. Hazeltine will go home immediately.

HE SECURED THE BOOTY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On Sunday afternoon at La Junta, Colo., the Bank of La Junta was entered by a stranger with cocked revolver in hand. The cashier, Rufus Phillips, who had just returned from dinner, was ordered to open the safe and disgorge. Being unarmed, he did so. The stranger then took about \$8,000 in currency and coin, placed it in a sack, slung the sack over his shoulder, backed out the side door, and, mounting a fleet horse which stood near, he struck out across the country toward the mountains at a rapid gait. He has not been captured.

TRAGEDY CAUSED BY A DOG.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Tuesday afternoon Grant Brown was instantly killed near Oakdale, Neb., by the accidental discharge of his gun. That afternoon he started to go to his father's house at Mentorville, when his dog set some prairie chickens near the road. He left his brother in the wagon and went out to where the dog and game were. While holding his rifle at "parade rest" his dog suddenly jumped against him, at the same time bringing the muzzle of the piece in range with and discharging the entire load into his head, killing him instantly.

JAKE THE BEST MAN.

[SAVAGE, Md., July 19, 1888.]

RICHARD K. FOX—*Dear Sir:* I wish to state that I have been for two years, and still am, a constant reader of your great sporting paper, THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE. It is the greatest paper in the world. I hold you in the highest esteem when you hold up as the world's champion. Mr. Jake Kilrain is the best man in the world to-day barring none. John L. the big one, has sunk.

Yours truly, S. B. SISK.



THEY FOUND THE WOMAN IN A COMATOSE CONDITION AND SHE HAD A HIGH FEVER.

of the dead woman in Undertaker Kirchner's cellar they took the letter and telegram Dr. Hutzell had received and started for Bethlehem.

They found on the hotel register for July 14 the name of "F. J. Crilly, Philadelphia." Friday morning they consulted the Chief of Police of Bethlehem. He said F. J. Crilly was in the Custom House, and when the Chief heard the description he said it answered the description of ex-Solicitor of Allentown Pat Crilly, a brother of F. J. Crilly, but at the same time talked with a description of a well known Bethlehem lawyer. The Chief of Police then remembered he had seen Pat Crilly in Allentown on Saturday night, July 14.

Donal and Messenger Matthews at once jumped on a train for Allentown. They found the Western Union operator who had sent the telegram of July 17 signed "A. Lennon." He described Lennon as a short, stout man with a pug nose. The Philadelphia officers saw Chief of Police Bieber. He said if the man suspected was Crilly the operator knew him well. They hurried

While they waited at the Squire's house his wife went to the pretty little cottage of Widow Troxell and broke the sad news. There was a pathetic scene in the cottage when the two men from Philadelphia walked in and laid a ring and the little money of the dead girl on the table.

The mother, between sobs, said her daughter had been working in Schantz's millinery store, in Allentown, and her season at work had just closed on Saturday, July 7, when she left home. She said she was going to Philadelphia to visit for two weeks a young woman who had worked with her in Schantz's.

Andora wore a neat light-colored lace dress and a dark straw bonnet with flowers in it, and looked very pretty as she kissed her mother farewell and started for the little station at Ferndale.

John G. Schadt, an uncle of the girl, and Undertaker Wunderly, of Allentown, came down to the city with Donal and Matthews. The uncle said Crilly became acquainted with Andora two years ago, while acting as



"I HAVE A WAGON AROUND THE CORNER," HE SAID, "AND I WANT THAT BODY."

back to the operator and charged him with knowing that it was Pat Crilly who sent the telegram.

"Well, if it was Crilly he was sawed off and hammered down," said the operator.

The operator during the conversation described a girl who had been seen in Lawyer Crilly's company in a manner that showed she was the dead stranger in Undertaker Kirchner's cellar. District Attorney Erdman and the Prothonotary of the courts were next

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her lawyer in the settlement of her father's estate, from which she received about \$2,300.

DROWNED IN THE FLOODS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] Over a score of lives are known to have perished in the destructive rain storm which occurred near Wheeling, W. Va., last week.

A narrow escape from appalling loss of life took place on the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore & Ohio road at Triadelphia station, eight miles east of the city. The through express to the east, via Pittsburg, left the city at 6:30, just as the storm was breaking, with one hun-

BLOOD FOR BLOOD.

Latest Concerning the Killing of Wash Middleton, the Outlaw.

THE FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.

Detective Holt Gets the Drop on Him After an Exciting Chase.

ONE LIFE FOR FORTY.



HE full particulars of the killing of Wash Middleton, the noted Bald-Knobber murderer of Taney county, Missouri, who escaped from the Forsyth Jail last October, under a sentence to the penitentiary for the murder of Sam Snapp, a prominent member of the militia, or anti-regulating faction of the White River Valley, has just been told by Mr. Gady and another citizen of Boone county, Ark. Gady is direct from Harrison,

Ark., near the scene of the killing of Middleton, and had the details of the affair told him by the officer whose shot terminated Middleton's bloody career.

After escaping from the Taney county jail last October, the night before he was to start with the sheriff to Jefferson City, to serve out a sentence of fifteen years in the Penitentiary for the murder of Snapp, Middleton fled to the mountains of Newton county, Arkansas, and there hid himself from the authorities. Rewards aggregating \$600 were at once offered for Middleton's capture. Whether taken dead or alive did not, it appears, seem very material in the estimation of the local authorities of the Missouri or Arkansas border, who knew the dangerous character of the man. Middleton had sworn as soon as he made his escape from the Forsyth jail that he would never be taken alive, and the people of Southwest Missouri and Northern Arkansas who were familiar with the long and bloody career of the desperado believed that the fugitive would make good this reckless declaration.

Something over two months ago J. L. Holt, a detective from Colorado, went into Northern Arkansas for a season of rest and recuperation among the mountains of that wild region. Holt heard of Middleton and the \$600 reward, and at once began to plan the capture of the outlaw. The detective disguised himself, putting on a suit of very ragged clothes, and for two months shadowed Middleton as closely as possible, seeking an opportunity to "get the drop" on his man, so that he might take him alive. The sheriff of Newton county had also a warrant for one of Middleton's sons, who was wanted on some criminal charge. The detective had a secret understanding with the sheriff and his deputies, and, as Middleton and his son stayed together almost constantly, the plan was to attempt the capture of both men at the same time.

Last Saturday there was a picnic at the head of Buffalo river, ten miles south of Jasper, Newton county. Middleton and his two sons went to the picnic, all well armed and on the alert as usual. The disguised detective was on the ground also, watching his game, and so were the Sheriff of Newton county and two of his deputies. Holt resolved to make a bold venture and openly face Middleton in the crowd. The Sheriff and his deputies were instructed to watch the young Middletons while the detective dogged the steps of the father. Middleton soon became suspicious of the mysterious movements of the ragged stranger, who followed him everywhere through the crowd, and told his sons that the man meant mischief, and instructed them to decoy him out of the crowd and he would then kill "the sneaking thief." Holt kept closely after his prey, however, and Middleton, seeing that he could not get his pursuer out of the crowd, turned suddenly on the detective and demanded his purpose, saying at the same time: "I have made up my mind to kill you, you sneaking thief." In an instant Holt's pistol was glistening a few inches in front of Middleton's face, and the words, "Hands up, you are my prisoner," told the fugitive outlaw that his suspicions were well founded.

Although Holt had the drop on his man, Middleton's right hand, instead of going up, grasped a revolver at his left side, and the detective fired. The ball entering the cheek about an inch below the eye, passing through the brain and coming out at the back of the head.

Middleton fell lifeless to the ground in the midst of a crowd surrounding a lemonade stand. So quickly was the fatal work done that the report of the detective's pistol and the falling of the slain outlaw were the first intimations that the gay picknickers not over ten feet way had of the affair.

Middleton's two sons made a rush for Holt as soon as they heard of the fate of their father, but the sheriff and his deputies covered them with their revolvers, and the young men surrendered without resistance. They were taken to Harrison, where one was lodged in jail on the charge pending against him and the other released on Monday. The body of Middleton was buried Sunday, near the place where he met his death. Thus ended the career of one of the most noted Bald-Knobbers of Taney county, whose hands, if common report be true, were deeply dyed with human blood long before the now famous Regulators of the White

River Valley had formed their secret confederation for the summary administration of justice.

George Washington Middleton was born in Arkansas about the year 1836. When the war between the States broke out he enlisted in the First Arkansas Infantry, a Federal organization. His regiment was in Southwestern Missouri and Northern Arkansas. The fighting on the Missouri and Arkansas border was marked by many savage irregularities not sanctioned by the code of civilized warfare, and both sides pur-

at this, and, arming himself with a pistol, met Snapp in the village a short time after and shot him down. Middleton was arrested and indicted for murder in the first degree, and was tried at Forsyth last October by a Knobber jury. He was convicted, the jury fixing his punishment at forty years imprisonment in the penitentiary. Judge Hubbard, at the urgent solicitation of Prosecuting Attorney Havens, of Taney county, reduced his imprisonment to fifteen years. On the following night Middleton was released from the For-

of double-bar'le spy-glasses and a photographer's camera to picture the "soiled doves" as they appeared in partly nude condition, in the rear yard, having a can-can circus with hose and water. The community was not aware that such acts of nakedness were sanctioned by the fashionable code of morality, and the neighbors would probably have raved terribly had these girls of sin gone into the public alley or street so scantily attired. The company gathered together as witnesses were several married men. They stood and looked at the scene with evident interest, and never offered to protest while the bevy of female chippies performed boldly under masculine eyes in attire appropriate for the bed-chamber rather than the back yard of the "foundry."

THE ANGRY FATHER APPEARED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Moore-Norton elopement, at St. Louis, Mo., has been followed by an elopement from Carondelet, that State, in which another employee of the *Post-Dispatch*, William McMichael, the Carondelet reporter of that paper, and Miss Lottie Paupeney, daughter of Frank Paupeney, a real estate dealer, were the principals. Paupeney took a fancy to McMichael, furnished him with much news and introduced him to his wife and daughter. McMichael soon became a lodger and boarder in Paupeney's home. Yesterday Paupeney discovered that McMichael and his daughter Lottie were in love. A scene followed and the young people determined on flight. They were just about to be married by a justice at Belleville when the angry father appeared, and drawing a knife, threatened to cut the heart out of McMichael. Bystanders interfered, and before the authorities could understand the situation Justice Phillips had tied the knot.

REPULSED HER ON HIS DEATHBED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

James Hutchins, a well-to-do citizen of Chicago, Ill., died on Saturday evening. The dying man had not spoken a word to his wife in twelve years, and for that time they had occupied separate rooms in the same house. Dr. Parsons told him he had only a few hours to live. Mrs. Hutchins was crying, and the dying man with open eyes watched her. With a sudden impulse of a love that had survived the years of cruel treatment, Mrs. Hutchins threw her arms around her husband's neck, kissed him fondly, and begged him to speak to her once to break, before he died, the silence of a dozen years. There was a struggle apparent in his countenance. His lips opened as if to speak, but only an inarticulate sound came from them. His face grew set and stern again. He died without returning the affectionate advances of his wife.

REVENGE OF AN INHUMAN BRUTE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Joshua Demott, a prominent citizen of Orwell, Oswego county, N. Y., is on his death-bed, it is believed, from a dastardly assault committed by Charles Grinnell a few evenings ago. Mr. Demott has a large steam sawmill near Orwell Friday he discharged Charles Grinnell, a teamster, for intoxication. Grinnell became enraged, and determined on revenge. At dusk Friday evening, near the edge of wood, he got into Mr. Demott's buggy from the rear and dealt him a severe blow on the head and dragged him out of the carriage, kicked him about the head and face, knocked out nearly all of his teeth, and rendered him unconscious. Demott's death has since been momentarily expected from concussion of the brain.

MARK STEVENSON'S FATAL ERROR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William S. Mosby, Prosecuting Attorney of Audrain county, Mo., was fatally shot a few nights ago by Mark Stevenson, of Mexico, Mo. Stevenson had not retired when the shooting took place, and was attracted to the front door by its opening. He did not take time to inquire who his visitor was, and supposing him to be a burglar, shot. The bullet took effect in Mosby's head, resulting in instantaneous death.

TWO LUCKY EAST-SIDERS.

Cigar Dealer Joe Vansteenburgh, of Columbia Street, Tells How He and Barber Emerick Won \$30,000 on a \$2 Investment in The Louisiana State Lottery.

If a gold mine had been found on the east side of this city, it would not have created more excitement than a few days ago when two lucky men got \$30,000 for \$2. Yet, strange to say, these lucky men did strike a gold mine, but neither of them realized that they had found gold for two weeks afterward, and then it was through the medium of the *New*.

The two lucky men are Charles Emerick, who keeps a neat little barber shop at 68 Columbia street, and his friend, Joe Vansteenburgh, who has a tidy, well-stocked cigar store directly opposite at 69. They are both long-time residents of Columbia street.

Their story is best told in the words of Joe Vansteenburgh, as he related it to the *New* reporter in his cigar store:

"Charlie and I" he said, "have been buying tickets together right along since the first of January and never won anything. On the 27th of last month, which was the anniversary of both our births, he said he thought it would be a lucky day to invest. So I concluded to invest 50 cents, Charlie investing \$1.50 and securing one-tenth part of ticket No. 35,567.

"On the night of the 11th, the day after the drawing, Jeweler Henry Rosenberg, who keeps the store next to me, saw a list of winning numbers in the *New* and showed it to Charlie, who sent for me, and when he told me we had struck the capital prize I thought at first he was joking me. We left the ticket with Mr. Rosenberg to keep in his safe over night. On the following morning we handed the ticket to the Adams Express Company for collection, and in less than ten days we received the money (\$30,000), less \$90, collection charges, I receiving \$7,500 and Charlie \$22,500. We are both going to put nearly all of it into brick and mortar as soon as we get a chance, and after a two weeks' trip through New York and Pennsylvania Charlie will open a big shop down town, but I guess I'll remain here. You bet we'll continue to invest in the Louisiana State Lottery, and so will everybody around here."—*New York Daily News*, July 24.

"JOHN L. HAS SUNK."

[SAVAGE, Md., July 19, 1888.]

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I wish to state that I have been for two years and will am a constant reader of your great sporting paper, the *POLICE GAZETTE*. It is the greatest paper in the world. I admire the gentleman whom you hold up as the world's champion, Mr. Jake Kilrain is the best man in the world to-day, barring none. John L., the big one, has sunk.

Yours truly, S. B. SISK.



"HOLT HEARD OF MIDDLETON AND THE \$600 REWARD AND AT ONCE BEGAN TO PLAN HIS CAPTURE."

sued a course of retaliatory vengeance to their enemies, the bloody results of which have been preserved chiefly in the sad memories of the survivors of those troubled times. Small detachments of Federal soldiers hunted down bands of Confederate bushwhackers, or were themselves surprised and slaughtered by their stealthy foes. Into this irregular warfare, it is said, Wash Middleton entered with a keen relish for its bloodiest results. Some of the citizens of Taney county claim that during the war Middleton killed between twenty and forty men in direct personal encounters. All parties who knew the man during the war agree in saying that his career was remarkably bloody.

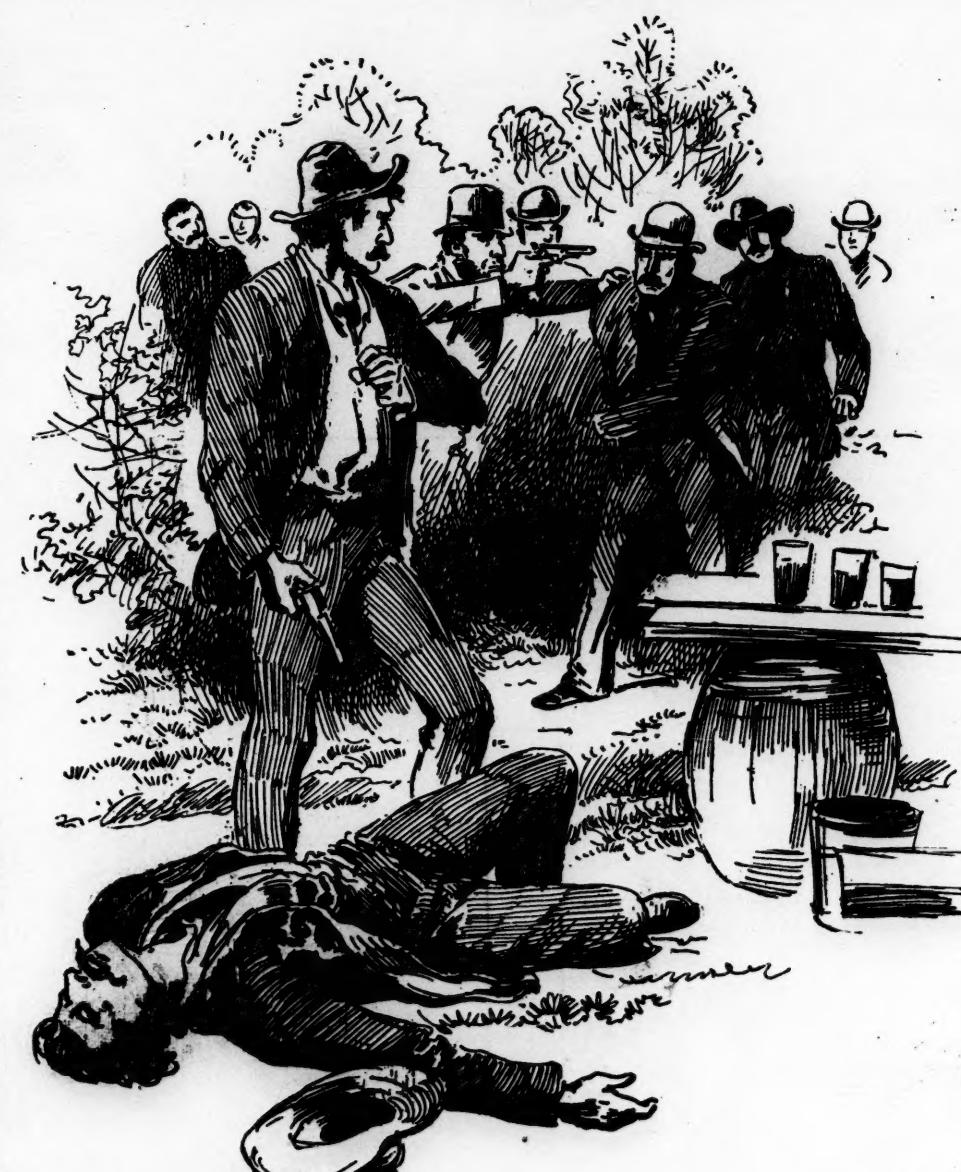
After the war Middleton moved to Taney county, Mo., where he was a successful farmer till the spring of 1866, when he killed Sam Snapp. Middleton was an active Bald Knobber and Snapp belonged to the militia, as the anti-regulators were styled in Taney county. Some time before the murder of Snapp Capt. Nat N. Kinney had killed Andrew Cogburn, an anti-Knobber, at church, near Kerbyville, Taney county. Sam Snapp was present when Cogburn was killed. The Cogburns and Snaps were friends, and, of course, mutually hated the Knobbers. Cogburn, some time

ago by his friends. Whether Middleton was released from the jail by his brothers and sons only or by a large number of his Knobber confederates has never been publicly ascertained. The jail was opened very quietly by some outside assistance, and few people in Forsyth knew anything about the delivery until next morning, when the jailer went to feed the prisoners, and found that Middleton had been taken out and the door fastened. Middleton leaves a wife and several grown children.

TERRIBLY TRAGIC, BUT TOO REAL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Sophie Clemenz, a beautiful young lady who has been a student at the Lyceum School of Acting in this city, was drowned on Tuesday off Gould Island, near Newport, R. I. She engaged a catboat and while returning to Newport in the same was caught in a shower. To avoid the storm she went into the cabin. Just then a squall struck the boat, and the cabin half filled with water. The water jammed the door shut, and the young lady was frightened and unable to get out. Boatman Reynolds was trying to extricate her,



"MIDDLETON FELL LIFELESS TO THE GROUND IN THE MIDST OF A CROWD SURROUNDING A LEMONADE STAND."

before his death, had composed an anti-Bald Knobber song, which gave great offense to the organization. After the killing of Cogburn, Snapp and other antis continued to sing this song to annoy their enemies.

In April, 1866, Snapp passed by Wash Middleton's, in Kerbyville, singing this song. Middleton took offence

when a second squall upset the boat. Reynolds tried to dive and open the cabin door, but could not. He was rescued by the steamer Day Star.

THEY WERE GAY YOUNG DUCKS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Not many miles from the Court House at Lebanon, Pa., there is alleged to be a notorious prostitutes' den. The conduct of the youthful inmates of this place has recently become most demoralizing it is said. A few days ago it would have been capital to have had a pair



J. W. HANKINSON,
A NOTED RIFLE EXPERT WHO IS CHIEF INSPECTOR OF POLICE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



HON. A. A. AMES, M. D.
A POPULAR SURGEON, THRICE ELECTED MAYOR OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



P. M. DEL VALLE,
OF COLON, PANAMA, WHO RADED IN ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND
DOLLARS BY MEANS OF BOGUS DRAFTS, AND FLED.



ANDORA TROXELL,
OF ALLENTOWN, PA., THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM OF MALPRACTICE
AND A FALSE AND WICKED BETRAYER.



ALEXANDER P. CRILLY,
THE ALLEGED BETRAYER OF PRETTY MISS TROXELL, THE VICTIM
OF AN ABORTIONIST AT ALLENTOWN, PA.



TRAGEDY CAUSED BY A DOG.
GRANT BROWN LOSES HIS LIFE WHILE GUNNING NEAR OAKDALE, NEB., BY AN
ACT OF HIS FAVORITE SETTER.

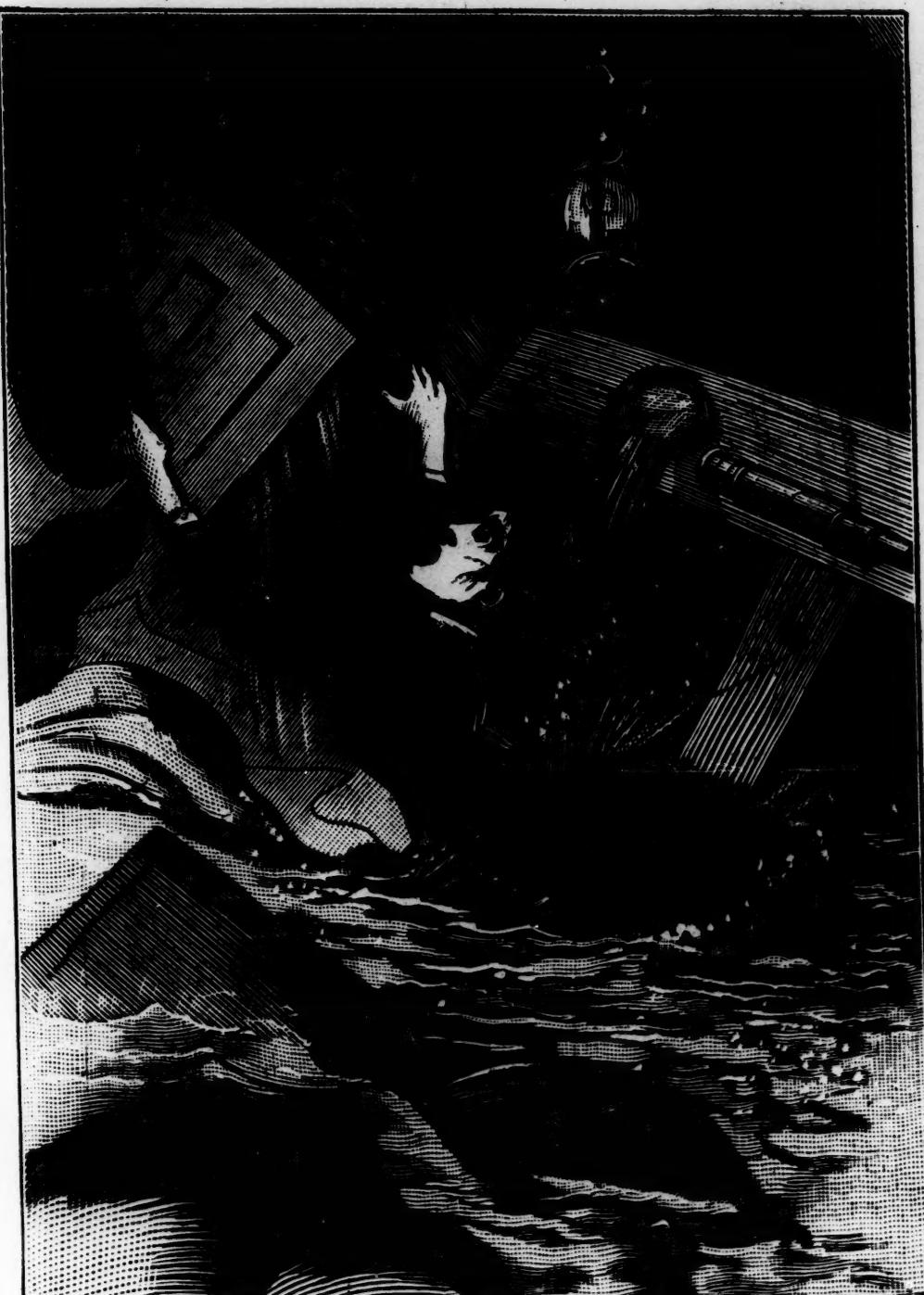


REVENGE OF AN INHUMAN BRUTE.
MURDEROUS ASSAULT MADE ON JOSHUA DEMOTT, OF ORWELL, OSWEGO COUNTY,
N. Y., BY CHARLES GRINNELL, A DISCHARGED EMPLOYEE.



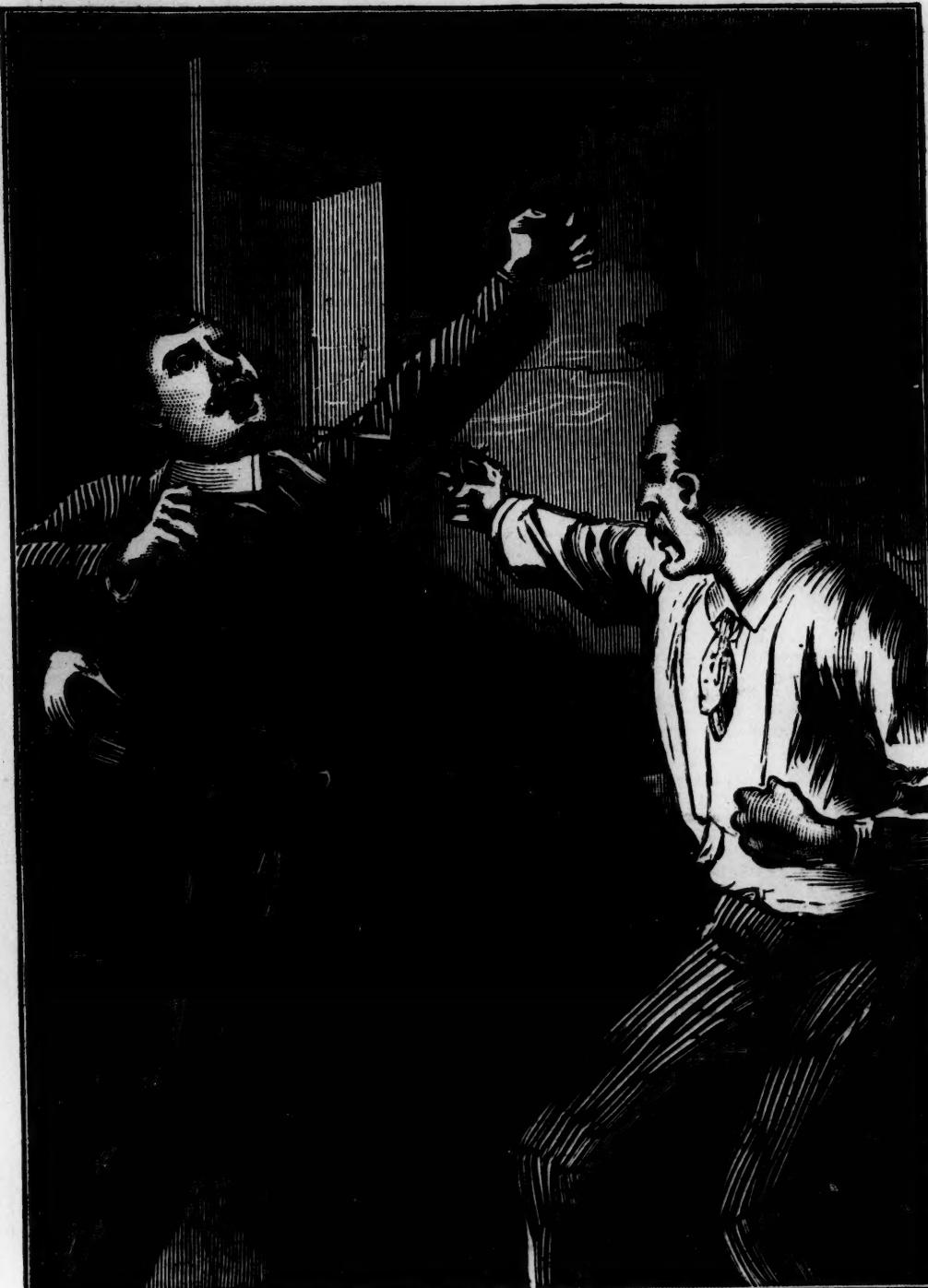
THEY WERE GAY YOUNG DUCKS.

A BEVY OF FEMALE "CHIPPIES" IN A PROCURESS' DEN AT LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA, HAVE A CANCAN CIRCUS WITH HOSE AND WATER.



TERRIBLY TRAGIC BUT TOO REAL.

FATAL ADVENTURE OF MISS SOPHIE CLEMENZ, A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG STUDENT OF ACTING, OFF GOULD ISLAND, NEAR NEWPORT, R. I.



MARK STEVENSON'S FATAL ERROR.

HE MISTAKES WILLIAM S. MOSBY, PROSECUTING ATTORNEY OF AUDRIAN COUNTY, MO., FOR A BURGLAR AND KILLS HIM ON THE SPOT.

PUGILISTIC.

The Cincinnati, O., and Birmingham, Ala., Bantams have a Slashing Mill.

THEY FIGHT TO A DRAW.

Jimmy Hale, who recently defeated Paddy Carroll and Jimmy Murray, is open to meet any light-weight in the country. His match with Mike Daly, of Bangor, has fallen through.

Jim Glynn, heavy-weight pug list, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is in search of a match with some of the Eastern heavy-weights. Mr. L. J. Kilian offers to back him to meet George Godfrey, colored heavy-weight, with small gloves to a finish, Quisenberry rules, for \$1,000 a side.

Tommy Warren, the feather-weight, has signed articles with Billy Maloney, of Chicago, to meet to a finish within ten days and within 20 miles of Duluth. The contest is for \$300 a side, and Warren has posted \$100 forfeit for Maloney if he fails to knock the latter out in half an hour.

Tom White, better known as "Swipes, the news-boy," who gained great notoriety some time ago through the killing of Billy Dempsey, while engaged with him in aistic encounter, proved himself in his battle on July 23 to be one of the gamiest youngsters at the business. His opponent in the ring this time was the clever little feather-weight, Jack Delaney of Brooklyn, and they fought 22 of the most brutal rounds ever witnessed. The newsboy displayed much gameness at the close of the last round, when he was blinded by the severe punishment he had received. His seconds had to pull him from the ring by force at the call of time for the twenty-third round, and he was dragged, bleeding and cut, from the scene of battle. The ring was pitched on a green lawn in the rear of one of the most fashionable residences in Pelham, Westchester county. Twenty-five persons witnessed the mill, and many were compelled to leave the ring side, not being able to endure the sight. Swipes is 20 years of age, stands 5 feet 5½ inches high, and weighs 114 pounds. His seconds were Eugene Hornbacker and Dan O'Hara. Delaney was looked after by Billy Dacey and one of his pupils. He is two years older, 14 pounds heavier, and is 5 feet 7 inches high. A prominent Harlem sport acted as referee, and Tom Brosier of Pelham was timekeeper. They used skin gloves, and fought under "Police Gazette" rules. Swipes scored first blood in the first round, and won first knockout in the eighth round. The latter blow was almost a finisher, Delaney saving his time by only one second. The newsboy had it all his way up to the thirteenth round, when his hands became useless, and his left eye closed. Delaney kept going down to avoid punishment. In round sixteen Delaney knocked Swipes clean off his pins by a right-hander on the breast. Jack played for the stomach, but the newsboy stopped many blows by sheer luck. During the twenty-second round Swipes presented a pitiful sight; both eyes were closed and his face was swollen out of proportion. Delaney was badly cut about the body and his left eye was completely shut. The newsboy's seconds threw up the sponge at the call of the twenty-third round, and the referee awarded the fight to Delaney.

During the fight an incident took place that is not often an occurrence even at prize fights. Billy Dacey and Jack Gallagher were seconds for Delaney, and during the wait for the battle to begin Gallagher filled up with "prime eye," and was gloriously elevated when the men were called out. His attempts to wait on Delaney after such round were most ridiculous. He finally tipped over their whiskey and then their water. Dacey gave him a bottle to fill with fresh water. He started away, and in a few moments returned with the bottle filled. Dacey tasted the water and found that it was salt. Dropping the bottle he made a dash for Gallagher, and, sending out his right, caught him a swinging smash under the jaw, at the same time saying, "You're discharged." The blow raised Gallagher clean over the ropes, and he dropped outside like a log. For the balance of the fight Jack encouraged Delaney from the opposite side of the ring.

The "Police Gazette" correspondent at Birmingham, Ala., sends the following: The long talked of fight between Frank McHugh, champion bantam of Cincinnati, and Sol Robinson, the Birmingham bantam, formerly of Boston, was decided about fifty miles south of here on the L. & N. Railroad a few mornings ago. A special train left this city about 2 A. M., bearing fully 300 of the leading sports of "Magic City." The ring was made on a sand bank, where "Old Sol's" rays poured down with a heat that was simply terrific, even in this heated atmosphere. Considerable time elapsed in choosing a referee, but at last the umpires chose a brave young fellow named Will Stacey. Time was called at 7:15 A. M., when both men shied their castors. At this time the sun's rays indicated 108 degrees. The men weighed 108½ pounds each. The first round was, as usual, taken up by the contestants studying each other's tactics. In the second round Little Sol showed his nerve, and sailed into the Buckeye boy with a vim and dealt him several stinging blows on the body. In the third round Birmingham's kid rushed the fight, when with a swinging blow he hit his man in the short ribs, and a foul was called and allowed by the referee. This called out howls of discontent, and hard words passed between the backers of the contestants. Revolvers were drawn that looked more like Gatling guns than anything else, and at one time your scribe thought that an undertaker could reap a young fortune had he been on hand. The referee finally gave away to public opinion and reconsidered his decision, ordering the fight to go on. The kid did not act on the defensive as did McHugh, but when time was called for the fourth round he bore down on his man with a nerve that would have been commendable in Sullivan.

ROUND 5—Both fighters came up with a scowl and went at it in earnest. McHugh led off with a corkscrew on Robinson's head, and before he could get away got a stinger on the ribs, which sounded like the report of a pistol. They finished the round with some eight taps, about even up.

6—Robinson got in a dandy on McHugh's mouth, which made his teeth rattle and filled his mouth with blood. McHugh got back at him in great shape with a swinging left-hander under the ear which staggered the South Side boy.

—Neither got in a blow.

8—Robinson showed signs of being a little short of breath, but in other ways made a good front. McHugh placed him into his corner, and after a clinch was knocked down on his hands and knees. No fall was claimed.

9—Both got in several light licks, and after a clinch McHugh sent a left-hander against Robinson's neck with considerable force.

10—Robinson caught McHugh with his guard open and sent him against the ropes in a heap, but the boy from Cincinnati came out of it on his feet.

11—Both men were beginning to feel the effects of the sun, which was by that time well above the horizon, and terribly hot. They faced each other for fully 2 minutes, and then, after a hard right-hander from Robinson, which was neatly dodged, McHugh wound up the round with a right hard one under Robinson's jaw which made his teeth chatter.

12—First blood for Robinson, who landed one corker on McHugh's nose, bringing the claret to view. They had it back and forth after that, each receiving and giving some dandies.

13—Both seemed to have revived their old spirits, and McHugh brought an over-cut on Robinson's nose which made him see stars. McHugh followed the blow on the nose with several body hits, backing his opponent around the ring. They clinched, and both men claimed the other had bitten him, but the claims were disallowed. Both retired to their corners considerably winded.

14—The men fought about evenly, McHugh acting on the defensive, evidently intending to wear his man out.

15—McHugh chased the kid to his corner and kept him busy warding off the blows aimed at him, when just before "time"

was called the kid gave him a left-hander to take back to his corner.

16—McHugh got a little the best of it at first, but the kid banged him in the molar, and first blood was allowed, amidst yells and cheers for the kid.

17—The kid again opened the fight, and this time his right fell on the buckeye's left optic, which nearly closed it.

18—Robinson began to show that his trainers were not "up" in their business, and began to show signs of overheat and weakness, although the punishment he had received did not tell on him. McHugh still playing to tire him out.

19—Was very tame, each man playing for wind.

20, 21, 22 are not worthy of mention, being but repetitions of the 19th. In the 23d round some hard slugging was indulged in, when Robinson by a terrible right-hander knocked McHugh down. The next four rounds were characterized by sparring, each being afraid to open his guard. At this time the heat became so intense that the spectators had to go into the cars to get shelter from the sun.

23—McHugh got in several hard blows on Robinson's ribs, which made the kid lose his appetite.

24—McHugh showed signs of severe punishment, while Robinson seemed to be overcome by the heat, and his friends advised him to quit, fearing he would get sunstruck. The kid rushed into the fight, and with a well-directed blow landed on McHugh's molars, bringing blood No. 1. McHugh rushed him to his corner, when, at the call of time, Robinson's friends refused to allow him to continue, hence McHugh was allowed the battle. Robinson's friends made up a good purse for him, which showed their appreciation of his nerve.

Recently J. D. Hayes, of Ashland, Wis., offered to arrange a boxing exhibition between Jack Dempsey and Mike Donovan at Minneapolis. Dempsey threw cold water on the affair and refused under any circumstances to box with Donovan, stating that he would not allow Donovan to make any money or gain any fame through his (Dempsey's) reputation. Donovan and Dempsey both have a large number of admirers and followers, and the "tilt" between the middle-weight champion and ex-champion middle-weight has resulted in Donovan issuing a challenge to meet Dempsey in a six-round glove contest for the gate money or a purse. Billy Reed, the backer of Johnny Reagan, and another well-known sporting man of the Seventh Ward, this city, inform us that they are willing to stand by Donovan and are eager to see him meet Dempsey. What Dempsey will do in the matter it is difficult at the present time to state, but Donovan is eager to meet the Nonpareil, and the former's admirers intend to do all they can to bring about the meeting. Donovan, like Dempsey, has a great record, and as many of the millions of the "Police Gazette" readers are not posted on the subject, we publish it as follows:

Donovan is an American by birth and of Irish descent. He was born in Chicago, Ill., in 1849. He is a brother to the once famous and notorious Jerry Donovan of Chicago, who in 1867, whipped Australian Kelly in New York, and who challenged any man in the world to fight for \$1,000 and the championship of middle-weights. Donovan is pronounced by ring men of the old school who have witnessed all the great battles in the American prize ring when the P. R. was in its palmy days to be a hurrican fighter. Donovan is a two-handed fighter, and a good general in the ring. From his youth he has been a pugilist, and when he was but eighteen years of age he fought a long and determined battle. Donovan's first battle, according to "Fistiana," was with Jack Boyne, a noted light-weight of St. Louis. They fought at catch weights near Chicago for \$20 a side. It was a desperate battle, and Donovan was terribly beaten in the first of the battle, but as the fight progressed he soon gained the advantage. He possessed the bulldog pluck and courage that characterized the late John Morrissey, and fought round after round until ninety-six had been fought, when the backers of Boyne broke up the fight on an alleged claim of foul, and Boyne was declared the winner. This battle lasted 3 hours 13 minutes, and, although Donovan was not declared the winner, he had the honor of being victorious. In June, 1866, he was matched to fight Nube Conroy, of Cleveland, O., for \$500. The fight took place near St. Louis and Donovan won after a desperate battle, which lasted through 62 rounds, fought in 2 hours 19 minutes.

Donovan rested for two years, and in the meantime gained great notoriety as a rough-and-tumble fighter. In 1868 he was matched to fight Jack Boyne, of St. Louis, for \$500. The fight took place at Tipton, Md. It was a slashing fight, but of short duration. Donovan proved himself a first-class pugilist, and whipped Boyne in 34 rounds, lasting 33 minutes. Donovan was a desperate fighter, and, as the fight progressed he soon gained the advantage. He possessed the bulldog pluck and courage that characterized the late John Morrissey, and fought round after round until ninety-six had been fought, when the backers of Boyne broke up the fight on an alleged claim of foul, and Boyne was declared the winner. This battle lasted 3 hours 13 minutes, and, although Donovan was not declared the winner, he had the honor of being victorious. In June, 1866, he was matched to fight Nube Conroy, of Cleveland, O., for \$500. The fight took place near St. Louis and Donovan won after a desperate battle, which lasted through 62 rounds, fought in 2 hours 19 minutes.

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Donovan then challenged Croker, McClain and Murray to fight for \$1,000, but was unable to secure a match. Donovan then went to Cohoes, N. Y., and went to work in his brother's (Jerry Donovan) sporting house, where he remained for some time. In the meantime pugilism again began to be all the rage, and Donovan proved himself a middle-weight boxer eager to fight. Donovan and Murray fought in a room for a purse. Thirty rounds had been fought, and Donovan was looked upon as a sure winner, when the Philistines made a raid and the fight was broken up. Again the men met, and thirteen more rounds were fought, when the fight was declared a draw. Donovan then left Philadelphia and went to New York, where he defeated Peter Croker in a glove fight.

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REFeree.

The Flutter Created by
O'Connor's Challenge
to Teemer.

O'CONNOR'S FINE RECORD.

The proposed international prize fight between Jem Smith, the champion pugilist of England, and Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, champion of the Northwest, for \$5,000, according to London prize ring rules, is creating considerable excitement in sporting circles. The only hitch in the proposed match arises from the fact that Jem Smith stipulates that the battle must be fought either in England or on the continent.

Conley has agreed to follow in the footsteps of Killain and meet England's champion on neutral soil, and on Richard K. Fox's return from a tour over the continent, the great international match will be ratified, which will, no doubt, create great interest, not only in sporting circles, but among the general public, who will await with eagerness the meeting of the two gladiators in the ring.

Everyone is aware that Jem Smith is a great pugilist and possesses a first-class certificate; and then the followers of fist-fight in England must bear in mind that Conley is not a prize ring "jester" by any means, but a coming champion.

The boat-race scandal at the National Amateur Regatta, in which it was alleged by James Plunkett that Billy Goepfert, one of the Metropolitan crew, was going to throw the double-scull race in which he was to compete with Plunkett as partner made quite a sensation in aquatic circles, but whether there is any truth in the statement subsequent investigations will decide.

I understand, however, Goepfert's chances of ever competing in an amateur race or regatta again are considered very slim.

From facts gathered by a reporter, many other charges which have not yet been made public are liable to be preferred against him. The most serious one, perhaps, is expected to be made by Posta, of Cornell College, the winner of the senior singles at Sunbury. The members of the Metropolitan Boat Club will hold a meeting at the Mount Morris Hotel, at which a committee will be appointed to inquire into the charges against Goepfert. If his guilt is established he will be expelled from the club before the present month is at an end. The evidence against him is said to be strong.

It is reported that the Dwyer Brothers were negotiating for the purchase of the old Secaucus track in New Jersey. The rumor, however, could not be traced to a reliable source.

I understand that Duncan C. Ross has challenged John C. Dougall, of Nova Scotia, to compete with him in wrestling and hammer-throwing contests for \$500 a side at the Boston Caledonian Club games. The challenge is open to all.

Thomas McCarthy, a young athlete of Hallowell, Me., recently ran 5 miles on the Augusta Driving Park in 19 minutes 14 seconds. He has never trained for a race, but has won no less than fifty contests. He is about nineteen years old. He promises to be a clinker.

By the way, Frank M. Dampton, of the Wilmington Wheel Club, recently made 20 miles on the Lancaster turnpike in 1 hour 14 minutes 50 seconds, beating the championship record for that distance, made by S. W. Merril, by 38 seconds.

In reference to O'Connor's challenge to row for the championship of America, Teemer says that when the challenge for the championship of the world was issued by O'Connor he (Teemer) was barred. Teemer says that as he is not barred in the present challenge he will now row O'Connor for the championship of America and "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, but for not less than \$2,500 a side. Teemer also stipulates that Richard K. Fox must be the final stakeholder.

The appointment of judges, timers, and referee for the international bicycling tournament and championship of the world, to be held in connection with the International Exposition in this city, commencing Sept. 4, are made to-day. The referee selected is Howard P. Merrill, Springfield, Mass., and among the judges are T. J. Kirkpatrick, of Springfield, O.; Geo. R. Bidwell, of New York; Charles H. Potter, of Cleveland; C. H. Luscomb, Park Commissioner, Brooklyn, and Thomas Stevens, the round-the-world cyclist. The starter is George M. Hendee, champion bicyclist of New Haven. The entries include the best known American riders and several from England.

George Littlewood, the pedestrian, writes that he is open to join in a £100 sweepstakes in England, winner to take the whole of stakes and half the gate receipts. The race is to take place in September.

In the Wood libel case in England, Robinson, one of the most skillful jockeys in England, testified that horses could not be pulled. This may be true in England.

The challenge of Wm. O'Connor, the Canadian oarsman, to row John Teemer, the holder of the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, which represents the single-scull championship of the world, has created quite a flutter among the patrons of aquatic sport. Teemer has picked up the gauntlet, and I should not be surprised if a race was arranged between these famous oarsmen. O'Connor's friends have not the slightest fear of his being defeated by Teemer, and as far back as the time that the Toronto man came to this city in company with Ned Hanlan he stated to a reporter that it was not fear of a defeat that prevented him from rowing Teemer, but because he wanted to climb the ladder step by step.

O'Connor has figured in many amateur contests, and first came into prominence by winning the junior championship. His subsequent performance in double sculls with Enwright as a partner, and the easy manner in which they disposed of Laing and mate, and Murphy and Doyle, both crack double scullers, established them beyond a doubt as being fast oarsmen.

They had no trouble in winning the amateur double-scull championship of America, and were it not for the match race they made with Joe Laing and mate they might have been yet in the amateur ranks, and by this time possess silver plate enough to start a first-class store.

O'Connor has won several amateur contests, but the race with Laing and mate settled his career in the amateur ranks, for after that both himself and the other three were disqualified. In '87 he issued a challenge to row Roscoe, Ross, Lee, McKay, Ten Eyck, Laing or any other man in the above class. Ross was the first to come to the front. Ross and O'Connor had a spurt in the Harlem, and Ross got the worst of it, but the contest never came off, and the Canadian was forced to look for fresh fields to conquer. Shortly after this spurt, Al Hamm and O'Connor met and the Toronto man won by twenty lengths. At this time Teemer and Hamm were rowing together, and it was nip and tuck between them for the first 2½ miles.

O'Connor set the boating men to thinking, and early this spring he eased the mind of Joe Rogers, his backer, and at the same time put into the pockets of Rogers and Jim Keenan upwards of \$25,000 by defeating Putnam of San Francisco. The challenge of the Toronto man to Gaudaur was a manly one, and was issued in a straightforward way. Gaudaur would not doubt row him, but his backer made up his mind that it was quite as easy to beat Teemer as it would be to defeat O'Connor, and

then the reputation gained in the event of a victory would be much greater.

Teemer, on the other hand, is rowing in splendid form. The easy way that he defeated Albert Hamm, George Hosmer, etc., in the race for the "Police Gazette" trophy at Syracuse on July 22, proved that he is liable to defeat any oarsman in the world, no matter whether it is Peter Kemp or O'Connor. If a race is arranged between the Canadian and the American champion, it will give rowing another boom.

The "Licensed Victuallers' Mirror" says: "Our American cousins, although they go madly in for fistfights, seem grossly ignorant of prize ring lore. This week in Fox's Own, in a long paragraph recording the deeds of a departed sport, they speak of him as having seconded Bob Caunt in his fight with Yankee Sullivan."

The fact that Yankee Sullivan did defeat Bob Caunt, the English pugilist, and Johnny Ling did second Yankee Sullivan, proves that our English cousins do not know as much about American prize ring history as they should, consequently "Fox's Own," which in the POLICE GAZETTE, was correct on the point, as usual. Probably Samson had a tilt with Delilah and lost his hair, or some of his thinking apparatus.

The growth in popularity of the running turf is absolutely phenomenal. The racing season of 1887 surpassed all its previous seasons, yet it is abundantly evident that the year of 1888, in the amount of added money, the number of the meetings and the attendance of the public, will exceed all its predecessors.

The popularity and prosperity of the turf has been fully demonstrated by the enormous attendance, and as every meeting attracts the leading racing officials, breeders, owners and trainers, now is the time for them to quietly discuss the various measures which will best promote the interests of the turf. The sudden growth of the running turf has not been without its evils, which, if allowed to grow, will inevitably bring disaster. There has been considerable friction between the professional speculators who lay the odds and the jockey clubs which hold the meetings.

In the West, the Louisville Jockey Club, after hurling down the gage of war, came to a compromise with the bookmakers, while the St. Louis association took the matter into its own hands and arranged for the three systems of speculation under its direct control. The American Jockey Club banished the bookmakers, and compelled the public to patronize either the auction pools or the mutual machines.

At Coney Island and at Brooklyn the bookmakers did a magnificent business. The danger of the present state of affairs is easily seen. A large number of associations will not take the responsibility of holding a meeting unless they are assured of a large fixed sum for the betting privileges, and in many cases they require a sum very nearly equal to the amount of added money which the programme calls for. It is needless to say that only the bookmakers' association, or some individual who represents a syndicate of wealthy bookmakers, is able to offer the sum required, or guarantee its prompt delivery.

As long as this state of affairs exists, these associations must be more or less in the power of the bookmakers. It must also be borne in mind that, irrespective of the profit to the association, the public will not attend unless it has ample facilities to bet. Strange though it may seem, the regular race-goer would sooner bet and lose than not bet at all. In which respect he is very much like the famous English wit, statesman and sportsman, Charles Fox, who declared that the next best thing to winning was losing.

A friend on whom I rely to lay before me the true inwardness of Australian boat racing, writes me in strong terms of the Kemp-Hanlan match. Kemp, he avers, is the best man seen in Australia during his time, which is, the opinion, not the time, a very strong order from so good a judge of the game, or, for that matter, anyone else who has personally experienced Richard Augustus Willoughby Green, Hickey, Michael Rush, Ned Trickett at his best, and last—and I should say greatest rather than least—William Beach. All this conveys, he says, gives chapter, verse time trials, data of the race, and the rest, and is prepared to stick to it that Kemp on the day that he beat Hanlan was better than any one past or present in the same line of business. According to the full, true, and particular account, Kemp gave length away in the race on the Parramatta rather than be fouled.

Also Hanlan repeatedly tried to foul the Australian when a collision would have surely fatal to the Toronto man's chance. That being so, it is clear enough that the ex-champion knew that he was overmatched. We could quite understand his going to catch his rival out of his (the rival's) proper course. That is only business, as the laws of boat racing and duty between pro and his backers stand. But when you come to Hanlan's crowding on all pressure to commit a foul to himself if accomplished, it is apparent that he grasped at the off chance of finding an explanation for an obviously impending defeat by going out of his own into his opponent's water.

I was of opinion—and went on fairly trustworthy points, too—that no matter whether Kemp might or might not have been able to beat the Canadian on the day, the latter had satisfied himself before the race that his chance was very poor, and made himself safe the best way he could. After what my correspondent writes, I must accept his as the correct version, that Kemp was able to win on his merits.

The "Umpire," London, says: "W. E. Crist, the amateur champion of America, sails for home to-day. A study of his riding since he came over will show that he was as great a failure in amateur cycling as his countryman, Rowe, was in professional circles. His best show was made on the mile championship day at Coventry, when everything was in favor of facts. He had 50 yards at Ashton in 3 miles from Osmond, and was caught and left inside the first mile. In the matter of prizes his companion, L. J. Barber, who has been very kindly treated by the handicappers, has scored very heavily.

After the Thistle races last year the friends of the Scotch yacht expressed a wish for a race over a triangular course, in which there would be a preponderance of running and reaching, and not so much beating direct to windward. They thought that Thistle would have a better chance to win on such a course, from the fact that she had proved herself to be very fast off the wind in her two races with Volunteer.

Commenting on this, we said that no doubt Thistle could easily be accommodated with a race down the wind for no wages her friends liked to offer, but that it would not be necessary to set up a crack racing cutter like Volunteer or Mayflower to do that kind of work; that we had plenty of schooners quite able to handle Thistle or any other British cutter down the wind. We also mentioned Grayling and some other schooners as boats quite capable of the effort mentioned. The wonderful performances of Grayling and Sea Fox in the New York and Seawanhaka regattas this season give strong confirmation to our ideas, and point to possibilities in the future development of the schooner rig which may far exceed anything that has yet been done in that direction.

Jack Varley, who is matched to fight George La Blanche Aug. 20 for \$500 and ticket money, denies that the bout he had with Sailor Brown in Newark on Saturday evening was a fight. One of his friends writes to say that it was merely a sparring encounter with soft gloves, for which each contestant received \$2.50 and his railway ticket to Newark and return. It is also claimed that Brown pulled his gloves off in the second round.

Pat Killen does not want any part of a gate money match with Joe Lannon.

THE GREATEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

RICHARD K. FOX.—Dear Sir: I wish to let you know that I have been for two years and still am a constant reader of your great sporting paper, the POLICE GAZETTE. It is the greatest paper in the world. I admire the gentleman whom you hold up as the world's champion. Mr. Jake Kilrain is the best man in the world to-day, barring none. John L. the big one, has sunk.

Yours truly,
S. B. Sisk.

CONLEY-SMITH.

The Ithaca Giant Challenges the Great English Champion.

THE LATTER ACCEPTS

The principal topic in sporting circles is the proposed international prize fight between Conley and Smith for \$10,000, and the single-scull championship race between Teemer and O'Connor.

In regard to the same the following cable was received:

LONDON, July 25, 1888.

Jem Smith, the champion of England, called at the Sporting Life to-day. He refuses to go to America to fight Mike Conley, the champion of the Northwest, but will make a match to fight in England, France, or Spain, for \$500 or \$1,000, and allow Conley £100 for expenses. Richard K. Fox was present, and after a lively tilt with Smith and his backers abt Jake Kilrain, Mr. Fox said if Conley would agree to cross the Atlantic and meet Smith in Spain or France he would back Conley to fight Smith according to London prize ring rules, in four or six months from signing articles, for \$5,000 a side. This announcement of Mr. Fox has created quite a sensation among sporting circles. Cable to the Sporting Life when you have Conley's answer.

GEORGE W. ATKINSON.

After the cable was received the following dispatch was sent to J. D. Hayes at Ashland, Wis.:

NEW YORK, July 25, 1888.

Just received cable from the Sporting Life, London. Jem Smith will not accept expenses and agree to meet Mike Conley in this country. Under no circumstances will he cross the Atlantic. He will allow Conley \$500 for expenses and arrange a match to take place in Spain, France or England. If Conley will agree to fight Smith under the same conditions as the recent international match between Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith, Richard K. Fox will arrange the match. Answer at once, so that reply can be cabled.

W. E. HARDING.

Conley's reply will be anxiously looked for. If he agrees to go to England a match will be arranged for \$5,000 or \$10,000, and once more the followers and patrons of the prize ring will have an opportunity to discuss and speculate on the result of what, judging from the performances of both men in the orthodox 24-foot ring, will be a desperate battle.

LATER.

Apropos of the above the following despatch was received at this office from J. D. Hayes, the Ithaca Giant's partner:

ASHLAND, Wis., July 26, 1888.

WILLIAM E. HARDING, POLICE GAZETTE, NEW YORK.—Mike Conley, the champion of the Northwest, instructs me to state that he will go to England or France and meet Jem Smith, the champion of England, as proposed, if Richard K. Fox will back him and arrange the match according to the same rules and conditions that governed the international battle between Jem Smith and Jake Kilrain.

J. D. HAYES.

On receipt of the despatch, the following cable was sent to George W. Atkinson, the Sporting Life, London:

GEORGE W. ATKINSON.

Mike Conley, champion of the Northwest, accepts Smith's terms to fight in England, France or Spain for £1,000 a side. London prize ring rules, twenty-five men each side, four or six months from signing articles, Sporting Life to be stakeholder and appoint referee, Smith to allow £100 for expenses.

W. E. HARDING.

Richard K. Fox, who will find the stake for the American, was also cabled that Conley was willing to meet Smith in England, France or Spain.

Subsequently the following telegram was received in answer to Conley's challenge to Smith:

LONDON, July 23, 1888.

POLICE GAZETTE, New York.—Smith accepts Conley's challenge and agrees to fight him in England or on the continent for £1,000 or £2,000 a side. Smith will give Conley £100 for expenses.

GEORGE W. ATKINSON.

Sporting Life.

The following cable, which was received at this office on the 27th inst., from the London Sporting Life, explains itself.

LONDON, July 27, 1888.

At a meeting between Richard K. Fox, who represents Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, and Jem Smith, the champion of England, the latter and his backers agreed to the terms proposed by Conley, to fight according to London prize ring rules for £5,000 a side, the fight to take place in four months from signing articles, in Spain, each side to select twenty friends, not including seconds; Smith to allow Conley £100 for expenses; Sporting Life to be final stakeholder and referee. Articles of agreement will be signed on Richard K. Fox's return.

GEORGE W. ATKINSON.

To show the sporting public in England and America that Mike Conley, who has just issued a challenge to Jem Smith, the English champion, has a record which fully entitles him to rank with the Englishman as a pugilist, we herewith publish a brief sketch of the same:

GEORGE W. ATKINSON.

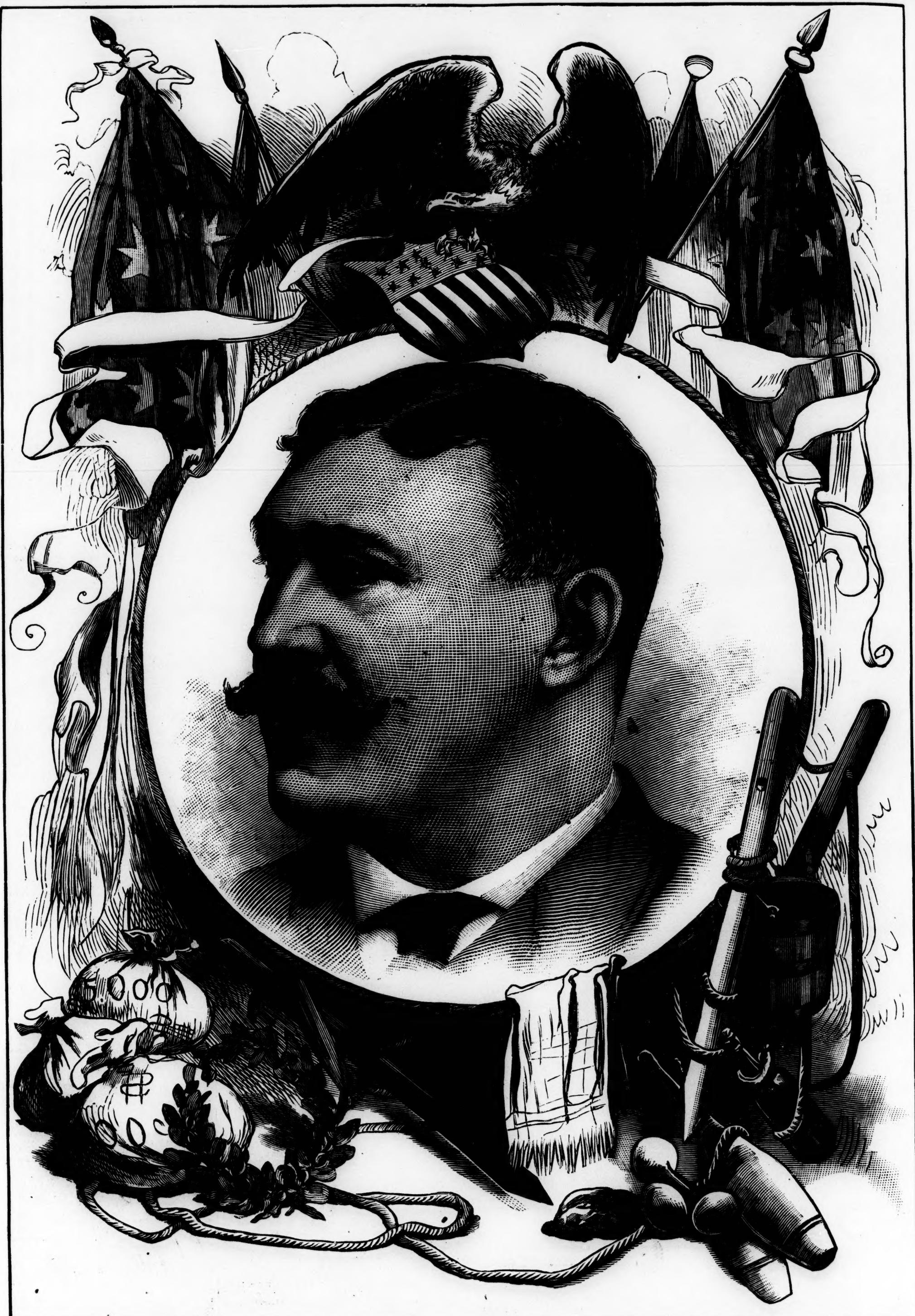
Mike Conley was born at Towanda, Pa., Sept. 27, 1860. After remaining on his father's farm until he was about eighteen years old, he adopted railroading as a business, and soon became a locomotive engineer. In this capacity he developed undaunted courage, a quality which has stood him in good stead in his after life. While engaged in his business in Cincinnati, O., he was elected a member of the gymnasium of that city and took his first lessons in the manly art from Prof. Griffith, the celebrated English professional. He afterward took lessons from Prof. Mike Donovan, now instructor of the New York Athletic Club. He also received instruction from Prof. John H. Clark, Philadelphia.

Conley made his debut in public fighting May 16, 1886, in a skating rink at Ithaca, N. Y. Here he met and fought Jack Ashton of Providence, the hero and winner of fifteen professional fights. The contest ended in the third round a draw, the fight having been stopped by the sheriff. Ashton was at this time Billy Maudlin's coming champion.

Conley was next matched to fight Frank Herald, the Nicetown slasher. Hero Conley did not fare so well, being knocked out in the first round by a chance blow. He at once challenged Herald again, and though offering special inducements, could not prevail on Herald to accept.

His next battle was with Prof. Harry Umiah, champion of the British Provinces. This took place on the turf in a 24-foot ring in the Elmira, N. Y., fair grounds June 25, 1886. Umiah was knocked out in the second round by a terrific blow on the jaw, which rendered him insensible for 8 minutes; time, 5 minutes. His next comber was John W. Dickerson. But he was no match for Conley, who knocked him insensible in the third round; time, 10 minutes.

Bill Gabig, the mysterious boxer, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who had met and fought 4-round draws with most all the prominent pugilists of America, next essayed the job of fighting Conley. He was defeated, although he fought gamely, in four rounds. The fight occurred at the Olympic theatre, Philadelphia. Oct. 1, 1886, Conley met and beat Tom Kelly in the second round; time



MIKE CONLEY,
THE REDOUTABLE ITHACA GIANT, WHO PURPOSES TO MEET JEM SMITH, THE ENGLISH
CHAMPION, IN THE INTERNATIONAL FISTIC ARENA.



HON. GEORGE HALL,
TAMMANY'S LEADER, EX-ALDERMAN, AND A SOLID MAN OF
THE TENTH WARD.



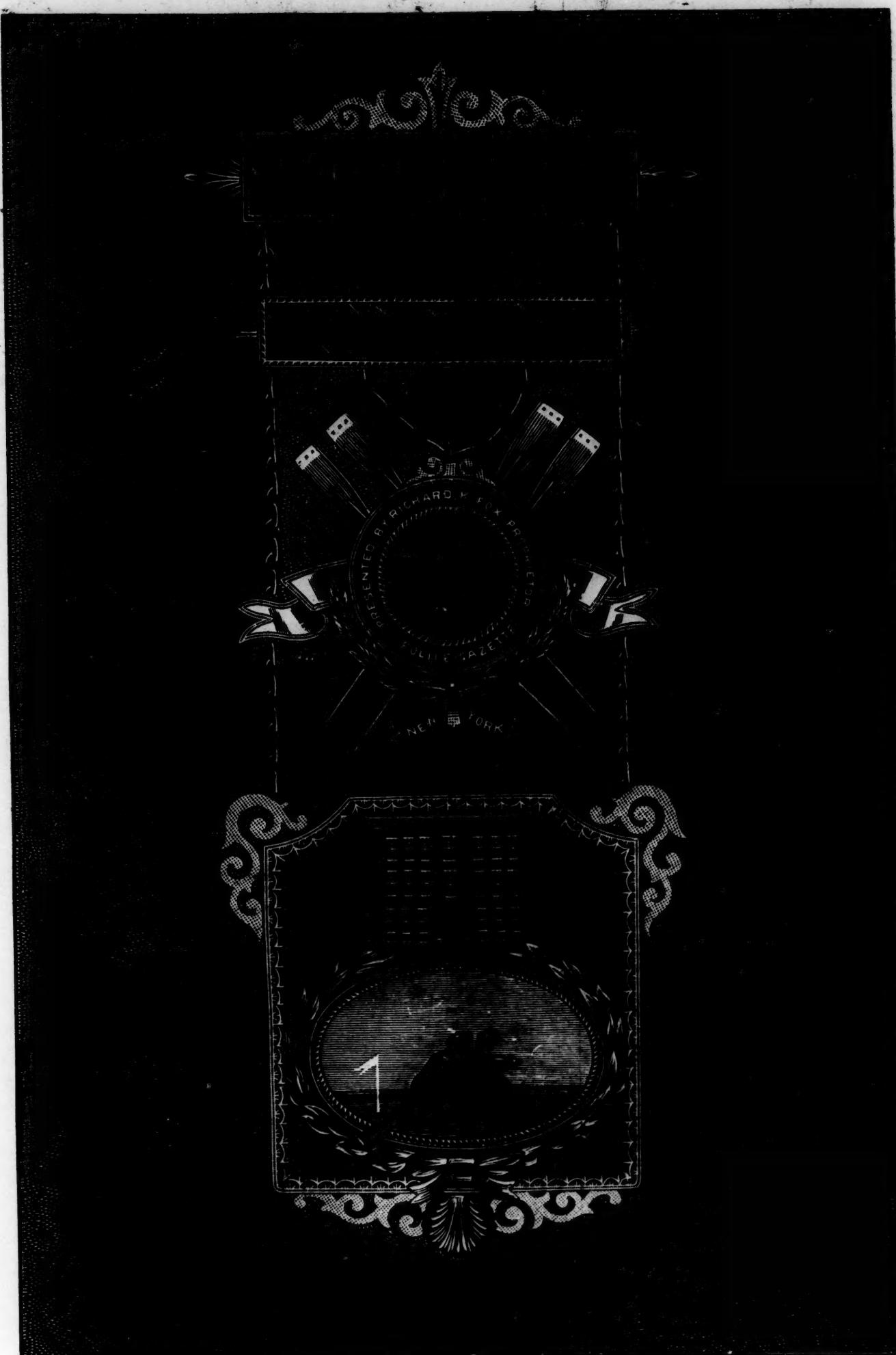
MRS. PROF. VAN TASSELL,
THE FAIR CALIFORNIA AERONAUT, WHO DESCENDS, BY PARACHUTE,
SIX THOUSAND FEET FROM A BALLOON.



HON. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN,
THE YOUNG AND POPULAR COUNTY DEMOCRAT, ASSEMBLYMAN
FROM THE SECOND DISTRICT, NEW YORK.



DACEY TAKES A HAND IN,
AND SLUGS JACK GALLAGHER WHO WAS HELPING HIM SECOND JACK DELANCEY AGAINST "SWIPE" THE NEWSBOY.



SINGLE-SCULL CHAMPIONSHIP MEDAL.
PRESENTED BY RICHARD K. FOX FOR THE SYRACUSE REGATTA OF JULY TWENTY-THIRD, AND WON BY CHAMPION
JOHN TEEMER OF MCKEESPORT, PA.

"ROYAL" HAGGIN.

The Celebrated Running-Horse
Breeder of Rancho del
Paso, California.



J. B. Haggin.

J. B. Haggin has won world-wide fame with his princely string of runners. His stable is worth at least \$100,000, and ranks among the first in the land. At a recent sale, one of his yearlings, King Thomas, brought \$38,000, and it is said he owns several others that will bring very near as high a figure. His stock farm at Rancho del Paso, California, is one of the sights of that land of wonders. E. H. Garrison, the "Shapper," is now Haggin's chief jockey, and is paid a salary of \$12,000. His trainer is W. Rogers. Among the best of his horses are Firenze and Fitzjames.

(We will be obliged to our numerous correspondents throughout the country if they will send us the portraits of prominent jockeys, or owners of well-known trotting horses for publication in this column.)

MRS. PROF. VAN TASSELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mrs. Van Tassell recently at Los Angeles, Cal., made one of the most daring and successful balloon ascensions and parachute descents ever witnessed. She left the balloon when 6,000 feet high, and landed safely on a sandy field about a mile from where the ascent was made.

KNOCKED DOWN THE PAYMASTER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Alderman Fred Grip, of Ishpeming, Mich., went to Marquette on Wednesday to pay the men working on the new branch of the prison. He could get only silver at the bank, so he did not take the money. On his way to prison he was knocked down, and but for timely assistance would have been killed by four masked men, who evidently knew he was to pay off. Of late many highway robberies have taken place at Marquette.

IN THE REPTILE'S GRIP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Hoy, who resides on the Miami pike, near Rushsylvania, O., while out gathering raspberries the other day, met with a thrilling encounter in which a black racer figured conspicuously. Among the briar bushes she stepped upon a snake, which immediately wound itself twice around her waist and tried to bite her. It was with great difficulty that the terrified woman finally succeeded in releasing the firm grasp which the snake had upon her and killed it.

OUTRAGED HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Walter Jameson, of Ashbury, near Hopkinsville, Ky., on Friday made a most brutal attempt to outrage the person of Miss Ashby, his sister-in-law. Meeting her in a secluded spot about dusk he made insulting proposals to her, which were rejected, when he seized her and tied her up by the wrists, after which he cruelly whipped her with a leather strap. He was ready to accomplish his dastardly purpose undisturbed when had he not been taken by surprise by some men coming suddenly upon them unaware.

MESSRS. T. B. PETERSON & BROS., the Philadelphia publishers, have issued a 25 cent edition of Mrs. Emma Southworth's popular novel, "The Maiden Widow." As this book has hitherto sold for \$1.50, it should command a big sale.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING AND PERFORM THE WORK OF THE NATURAL DRUM. INVISIBLE, COMFORTABLE AND ALWAYS IN POSITION. CONVERSATION, EVEN WHISPERS, HEARD DISTINCTLY. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS. FREE. F. HISCOX, 853 BROADWAY, N. Y.

OLD DR. CATON'S GOODS are reliable. See advt.

"Society Rapids," by "One in the Swim," is a bright, crisp, and breezy novel of fashionable life in Washington, with scenes depicted at Saratoga and Bar Harbor. Bright and clever, it glances along through a perfect maze of flirtation, husband hunting, and small talk and scandal, never failing to interest the reader. You can secure a copy by remitting 50 cents to the publishers, Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., of Philadelphia.

NUMISMATIC.

\$5, \$10 and \$20 BILLS (curiosities). Sample, 25 cents (silver). F. M. TYACK, WRIGHTSVILLE, Ark.

Running rules in the "Police Gazette" Standard Book of Rules. By mail 25c. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

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ADVERTISING RATES.
Ordinary Advertisements \$1.00 per line.
Pure Reading notices 50c per line.
Copy for insertion must be in by Monday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue.
The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches each, and 24 inches wide.
ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT, EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No objectionable advertisements will be accepted.

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Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Buttons, Knickknacks, Campaign Whistles, etc., etc., and an immense variety of all kinds of fair goods. Prices Guaranteed Lower than any others. Illustrated Catalogue Free.
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Chicago, Ill.

The "POLICE GAZETTE" will be regularly mailed to any address in the United States 13 weeks, on receipt of One Dollar. Good, live agents wanted in every town and village to canvass for subscriptions where the paper is not now being sold. Send stamped addressed envelope for samples, terms, etc., to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Sq., New York.

A N ELEGANT COLORED LITHOGRAPH OF JIMMY McLAUGHLIN, the Champion Jockey and winner of the "Police Gazette" diamond whips, size 12x16; suitable for framing. By mail, 15 cents to this office. Every saloon, barber and club room should have one.

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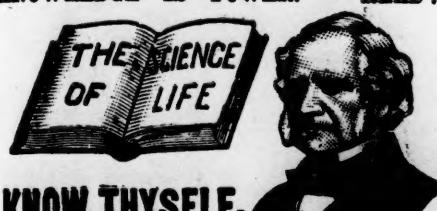
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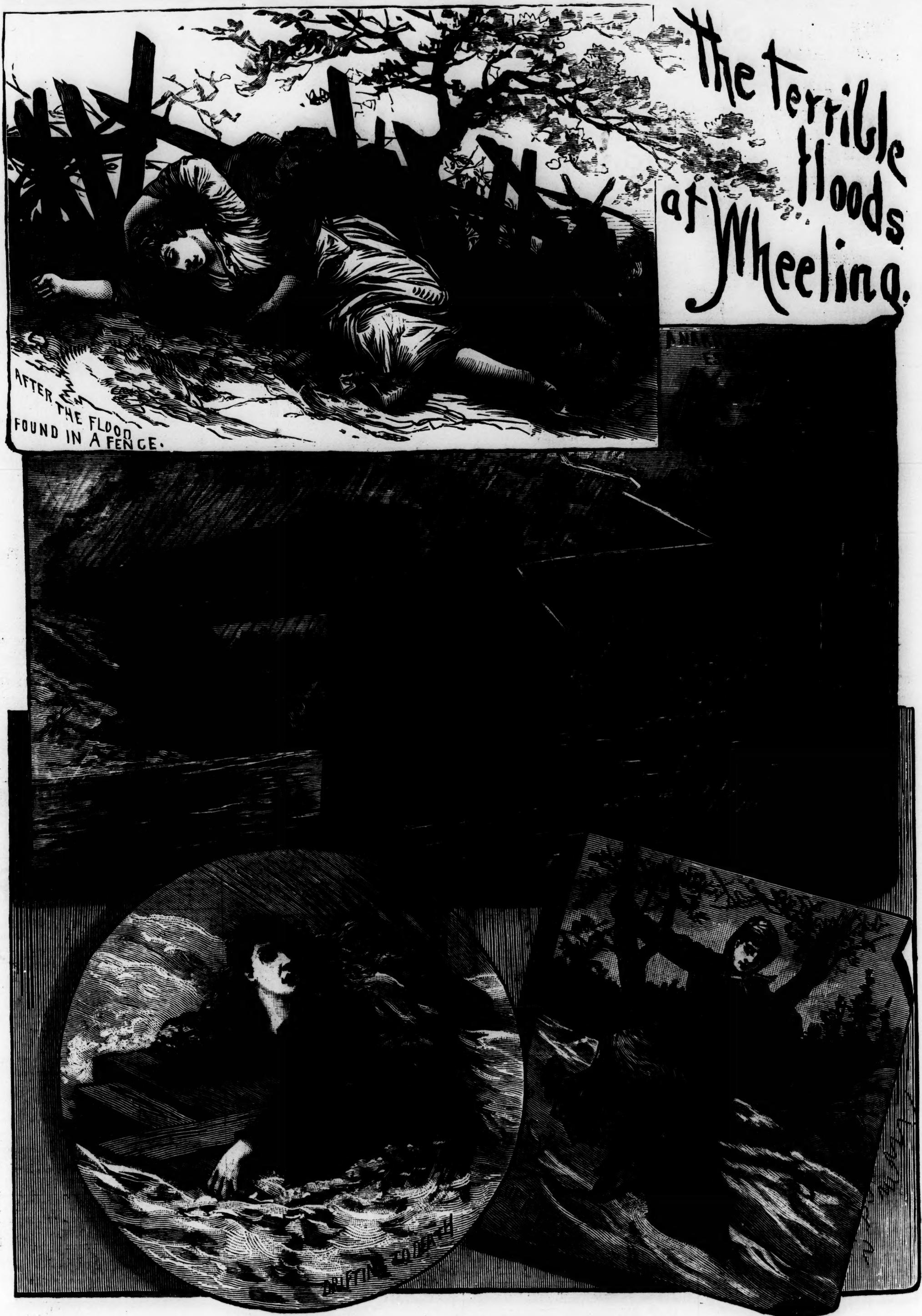
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